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CHECK TO HITLER

GLOOM has changed to optimism this week. The first news of the German action in Denmark and Norway was profoundly disturbing. Schooled to a chronic pessimism by the events of the last seven years, the British public feared another successful *fait accompli*. The general foreboding was not lightened either by the Admiralty's laconic announcement of a set-back at Narvik or by Lord Halifax's manifest uncertainty in his speech on Wednesday afternoon. Once again the astonishing daring and rapidity of action of the Nazis seemed to have succeeded. Had the Navy been caught napping and Norway gone the way of Poland, another victim to the modern Trojan horse? How were six German destroyers able to enter Narvik Fiord? Did they come from Murmansk? How were the Germans permitted to bomb and destroy our cable communication with Norway and the Soviet Union? On Wednesday afternoon and evening a miraculous change took place, as news began to filter through of the greatest naval action of the century. For the first time the schoolboy audacity of the Nazis had been met not by the puny resistance of a small Power, but by the full force of the British Navy. Exploits which appeared to have a brilliant strategic novelty were now being tested in the hard school of warfare between great Powers. Writing before Mr. Churchill's statement, it is impossible to state the outcome of the battle. But already it is clear that what looked like triumphs of rapid movement may become liabilities to the Nazis. A large part of the German Navy is scattered in the fiords of Norway, landing-parties are cut off and supplies threatened by the British thrust into the Kattegat. Norway, rallying from the first shock, is fighting back on land. Since 1934, when the coup in Austria was checked by Mussolini's troops on the Brenner, Hitler has not met real opposition in any of his attacks against small peoples. This time, with a welcome audacity, we have risked all and given that "full support" which we have so often promised. Whatever the result, the misery of acquiescence in these conquests has been ended. And for that we can be grateful and proud.

The Economics of Aggression

How much is at stake this week can be seen most clearly when we consider what would have been the economic consequences of a successful coup in Scandinavia. Had Germany established a firm hold on Norway, she would have been in a position to stop all vessels coming out of the Baltic, with disastrous effects on Finnish and

Swedish trade, and serious repercussions on Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, to say nothing of the Soviet Union. By laying a minefield down the whole western Norwegian coast she might have been able to retain the use of the port of Narvik and contacts with Murmansk, as well as presenting a direct strategic threat to our fleet, and threatening our northern coasts with aerial bombardment. No doubt Hitler dreamt also of gaining control in Iceland and Greenland and from there threatening all our Atlantic routes. Of all the plan, that part which brought the least advantage to Germany was the occupation of Denmark. Though in the short run Germany will obtain a huge supply of pigs meat and dairy produce, in the long run the occupation will bring disaster to Danish agriculture, which depends so much on imported feeding stuffs and fertilisers. It is calculated that under a German occupation and British blockade, the productive capacity of Danish agriculture might go down by two-thirds within six months. One of the many awkward results of a successful Nazi coup in Scandinavia would have been its effect on the British press. In 1938 out of a total value of wood pulp imported from all sources amounting to £16,000,000, over £12,500,000 came from Norway, Sweden and Finland. The freedom of the British press depends not only upon our democratic institutions, but upon the freedom of the seas.

The last and most important stake in the present struggle is the iron ore of Norway and Sweden. Together they produce about 10 per cent. of the world's iron ore in terms of iron content—an output nearly equal to that of the whole British Empire, but well below that of Algiers and Morocco. Had the Nazi coup in Norway succeeded it would have been impossible for Sweden to offer any real resistance, and Germany would have assured herself of an adequate supply of iron for the remainder of the war. Altogether an enormous dislocation of British trade would have been involved. Great Britain in peace time takes about 60 per cent. of Danish, nearly 50 per cent. of Finnish and more than a quarter of the Norwegian and Swedish exports. When we add to these economic factors the strategic advantages we can realise how tempting to Nazi Germany the coup in Scandinavia must have seemed.

Italy Prepares

When the Duce indulges in a rhetorical display, it is always possible that he does it to satisfy his sense of the theatre and for no other reason. But when he talked at Orvieto last Sunday about Italy's readiness to play her full part in the contemporary "events of grandiose proportions," and went on to allude to what "this late spring may bring us," it is at least possible that he had in mind a time table concerted with his Ally. The latest phase of Italian military preparedness is a decree imposing industrial conscription on the whole population, including girls and boys from thirteen years upwards. It is significant that Mr. Villard's reports from Germany timed the decisive period of the war for what an Italian would call "late spring" and predicted Italian belligerency about that time. A presentation of Italian claims in a form resembling an ultimatum is a possibility to be reckoned with, unless we can win a resounding victory in Scandinavia. In this context we have to place sundry semi-official threats from Rome to close the Adriatic against our blockade. It appears that both Italy and Jugo-Slavia have protested against British interference with a German ship carrying bauxite, the raw material of aluminium, presumably destined for airplanes, from Dubrovnik to Trieste. In these narrow seas it would be easy for Italy to frustrate our blockade by closing the Straits of Otranto. The obvious reply would be to close Suez and the Straits of Gibraltar against Italian shipping. Fear of such action should be effective in keeping our "non-belligerent enemy" out of the war, so long as we retain control of the seas elsewhere.

Whose is the Danube?

While British plans for frustrating German ambitions in the Balkans centre in the tactic of the pre-emption of supplies through a semi-official trading corporation, the Germans themselves are concentrating on the problem of transport. Germany can ear-mark formidable quantities of petrol, vegetable oils, wheat, maize and timber from Rumania, but her means of transport, whether by rail or river, are wholly inadequate, and her supplies are heavily in arrears. She is grappling with this problem partly by building tankers for the Danube traffic and railway oil-waggons, but it is more vital still that she should reorganise and modernise the Danube ports, and on this her experts are busy. It is possible that she has encountered some obstruction from the Allies, but, in the form in which her press has broadcast it, the tale of a British attempt to block the river where it rushes through the Iron Gates is surely fantastic. The purpose of such legends is doubtless to excuse her own action in making an end of the international control of the Danube. She is now threatening to brush even the riparian Powers aside and to monopolise the policing of the river in her own hands. The completion of Nazi control over the Danube without the invasion of the Danubian countries would be consistent with a probably well-informed Danish version of the Dictators' agreement reached on the Brenner. It maintains the territorial *status quo* in the Balkans for the duration of the war, assigns spheres of interest to Germany and Italy, and may provide at its close for some concessions to Hungary at Rumania's expense. Possibly Russia would then receive Bessarabia. At the moment the U.S.S.R. seems satisfied with her increased security. According to report, Stalin has duly passed over Petsamo to the Finns in accordance with his agreement.

A Roosevelt Third Term?

In two American States Mr. Roosevelt's chance of a third term has been tested in the "primary" election, which enables electors enrolled as members of a recognised party to choose their standard bearers in the elections of next November. In Wisconsin, which is markedly progressive, and has a big German and Scandinavian element, Mr. Roosevelt was chosen by a triumphant majority over the Right-wing Vice-President Garner. In New York City, where the Democratic party is apt to be conservative, Mr. Garner did better but still was decisively beaten. It is unlikely on this showing that the Party will choose an opponent of the New Deal as its candidate, but it is not certain that the President's vote, about 75 per cent., in the two primaries taken together, is near enough to unanimity to sweep away the traditional objections to a third term. If Mr. Roosevelt does not decide to stand

again, his nominee will probably be Mr. Cordell Hull. It is significant that Mr. Dewey, the young and eloquent "clean-government" lawyer, who won the Republican primaries in these same two units, has taken up an extreme isolationist position: he is against "involvement" not merely in the war but in the settlement also. German propaganda is working hard to discredit Mr. Roosevelt, by broadcasting the dubious despatches, in which the Polish ambassadors in Paris and London are said to have quoted Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Kennedy as advocates of resistance to Germany, encouraging the Poles to hope for the ultimate participation of America in the war. As yet we should judge that this reckless campaign has had little effect, for it is probable that Congress will be satisfied with a blunt denial and will not call for an enquiry. A notable sign of its friendliness to the Allied cause is that it will leave to the Administration unfettered discretion to decide what types of airplanes, including the latest, Britain and France may buy.

Right and Left in France

The invasion of Denmark and Norway has saved M. Reynaud from a difficult Parliamentary week. No one doubts his capacity—least of all the Generals—but unfortunately the full cooperation of M. Daladier, on whose loyalty M. Reynaud entirely depends for his majority, is by no means certain, and the machinations of such men as M. Bonnet, M. Laval and M. Flandin increase the difficulties of the new Government. The Right, despite its talk of national unity, appear to regard the inclusion of three Socialists—members of the largest French party—as something like a personal affront; they are apparently more interested in smashing "Communism," (a term under which far more than Communists are included) than in defeating Hitler. The Radical Socialists, divided as usual into countless tendencies, are only united in their unwillingness to submit French farmers and rentiers to those sacrifices which modern war demands. The result is a deadlock at a moment of crisis which demands above all decisive leadership, and an opportunity for the defeatists of the Right to exert their sinister influence. If French Parliamentarism gives way to a military dictatorship, it will have its own intriguers to thank.

Only in this setting of parliamentary intrigue can the trial and condemnation of the forty-four Communist deputies be judged. We have received from a correspondent a vivid description of those few moments when the trial was open to the public; the formidable array of police, the crowd of relatives of the accused crowding into the back of the court, the wives and children of the prisoners who had been kept in close confinement for many months, shouting a momentary greeting across the barriers of officialdom. Defending counsel, their demand that MM. Daladier and Bonnet be called as witnesses having been refused, used their speeches as a political demonstration, and there is little doubt that the trial has had an important influence in France. The attitude of the French Communists has, of course, given their enemies a long-sought opportunity; from their own revolutionary point of view Stalin's instructions seem disastrous. If there were an impending Communist revolution in Germany which would break out the moment the "cease fire" was sounded, Communist tactics would be intelligible. As it is, they seem to court destruction from the Right during the war and, if they were successful in producing a French collapse, the result would be their destruction by the Nazis. There is, however, one strong point in their case. Their influence will remain among the working-class so long as the most disreputable of the defeatists of the Right retain their influence on the Government and use it to wage not a war on Hitler, but a class-war on their own countrymen. The Left "defeatists" are threatened with the death penalty in France; no one has yet told the truth about certain other gentlemen, whose dubious activities cannot be excused on grounds of a conflicting loyalty to a revolutionary international.

In the House

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.—Events are taking control. The House was in a state of unrepressed excitement when the Prime Minister announced the determination of the Government to go to the assistance of Norway forthwith. Both Mr. Attlee and Sir Archibald Sinclair were loudly cheered when they expressed the hope that such assistance would be both speedy and effective.

It was in some ways a pity that the professional "cranks" had a ten minute field-day after this, because they must have supplied Lord Haw-Haw with a certain amount of ammunition. Nobody else wanted to speak and, with the possible exception of Mr. Gallacher—who suggested that this was a favourable opportunity for concluding peace—the intentions of the cranks themselves were of the best. But there is a time for everything. And the afternoon of the simultaneous invasion of Denmark and Norway was hardly the appropriate moment for urging the Government to call a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations, or to go to the assistance of the Chinese. No one doubts the sincerity of Sir Richard Acland, but he will have to get the feel of the House of Commons to a very much greater extent if he is to become an effective political force. By contrast Mr. Maxton's touch, infinitely sensitive and subtle, seemed almost miraculous. Mr. Mander gave expression to a good many unspoken thoughts when he asked how it was that the Germans had apparently succeeded in reaching Trondheim and Bergen unmolested. It is to be hoped that by the time these words appear in print, his doubts will have been resolved and his question proved to have been premature.

There is really nothing else to write about. The problem of agriculture has by no means been disposed of. But the House was in no mood to argue about the Agricultural Wages Bill—upon the merits of which everyone is agreed. All the outstanding business was bundled through by six o'clock, and we went home to listen to the wireless.

There were rumours, which I believe to be unfounded, that the Prime Minister had renewed his offer to the leaders of the Opposition to join the Government. In any case, according to my information, neither Mr. Attlee nor Sir Archibald Sinclair is prepared to serve under Mr. Chamberlain. Meanwhile *la partie est commencée; il faut faire les jeux.* I could not help wondering how the present machinery of Government will stand up to the strain of an intensification of the war. Consider Mr. Oliver Stanley's day on Tuesday last. In the morning he had two meetings of the War Cabinet. In the afternoon he had to answer a considerable number of important Parliamentary questions in the House of Commons. In the evening he attended the meeting of the Supreme War Council. At the same time, he is the executive head of a great fighting Department of State. Not even Göring could do this indefinitely.

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THE GREAT GAMBLE

As we write one of the crucial battles of history is being fought in Northern waters. The British fleet and air force struggle with the Germans for the control of the Norwegian coast and the entrance to the Baltic. If the German warships have been lured from their security and allowed to occupy Norwegian ports so that they may be destroyed in detail, then the British have indeed brought off a masterpiece of strategy. If Norway is rescued and the German fleet put out of action, a great victory will have been won. All is uncertain as we write, but there is ground for hope that the outcome will be successful. If so, the psychological as well as the military result will be incalculable whatever counter stroke the Nazis next attempt.

When the Supreme War Council met on March 28th it decided to take the initiative. France was restive after the Allied failure to give help in Finland; intrigues were afoot; public opinion had to be satisfied. The Reynaud government depended on a display of energy. The decision was made to tighten the blockade; the notion of a sudden attack on Russia was discarded; nothing, one assumes, was to be done to bring Mussolini into the war. But in Scandinavia it was decided to take bold and determined action. No further iron ore was to reach Germany from Sweden. The Swedes and Norwegians were informed that any further advance by Germany or Russia would be countered by British and French force, even if the Norwegian and Swedish governments were slow to accept protection. Mines were to be so laid that German shipping would be forced into the open seas where it would be at the mercy of the Allied blockade. The justification for these strong measures was the total disregard of international law by the Germans, and the knowledge that the Nazis were already using their familiar technique of internal aggression in Scandinavia. Sooner or later we should have been confronted with a *fait accompli* in Norway and Sweden unless we acted. On this occasion we decided to take the initiative.

The Allied plan was by no means wholly secret. Its gist was known to many persons here and no doubt to the Germans. The decision to lay mines in Norwegian territorial waters was gossip in informed circles early last week, and the tenor of the Allied note to Norway and Sweden could be guessed even though it was not officially presented to the Scandinavian governments until late last week. That the Germans would take retaliatory action was obvious. Indeed, reports of German preparations including embarkation exercises, were published in the world's press.

The occupation of Denmark and the attack on Norway were not in themselves in the least surprising and they must, presumably, have been anticipated by the British and French Governments. Denmark was Hitler's prey whenever he wished to take it; that we all knew, and no blame is attached to anyone for failure to save the Danish people from the misery of Nazi occupation. Denmark could not resist; her freedom has long depended solely on the balance of advantage in Hitler's mind. Provided the Allies maintain command of the North Sea, Denmark in German hands will increase, in a long war, the efficacy of the British blockade. Since she must import large quantities of fodder and fertilisers to maintain her dairy production, she is, on the face of it, more valuable to Hitler as a neutral larder, freely supplying German needs, than as an occupied area.

The position of Norway is entirely different. Her coast is of strategic importance to Britain, and her large merchant marine is almost as essential to our supplies as Britain's own merchant fleet. Norwegian independence is a vital British interest, and it has been an axiom of British policy that we should not allow her coast to fall into the enemy's hands. Whether our action in laying mines in Norwegian waters and in declaring our intention in certain circumstances of fighting on Norwegian soil were justifiable will be decided by the events of the next few days. Yet another small and peaceful nation has become the battleground of the Great Powers; if our action leads to a Nazi defeat and enables us to ensure Norway's eventual freedom, that success will be a sufficient justification not only to ourselves but to every people which still retains a love of its own independence. Strategically it was probably not within our power to prevent a German landing in southern Norway, but our policy only made sense if we were sure of our ability to stop the Germans laying mines in the Skagerrak and along the Norwegian coast and to maintain our control of the ports on the west coast.

The Nazis have reacted as swiftly and dramatically as usual. By a remarkably bold, but surely utterly unsound, stroke they took Narvik, Bergen and Trondheim as well as Oslo. The occupations were, in the first instance, carried out only by small bodies of men who arrived in German merchant ships. Reports that these ports have already been wrested from the Germans remain unconfirmed. Norway's own military resistance is proving more successful than anyone could have anticipated. Their shore batteries have sunk German ships and their small army works well in familiar and difficult country.

Hitler sits like a spider in the centre of a vast web, the strands of which lead to Scandinavia, Holland, which may be the next victim, to the Mediterranean, the Balkans and the Black Sea. Working on interior lines with vast forces of men and material at his disposal he can strike where he will. The only possible Allied policy is to settle at what points resistance is possible, and when resistance is decided upon to make it effective and uncompromising. The Nazi map of Europe, published in the British press years ago, but only recently officially acknowledged in England, shows the Balkans, Eastern Europe, Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, France and Britain, all as areas under German domination. Lord Halifax justly pointed out in his speech on Wednesday that if neutrals refuse assistance until the Nazis begin one of their swift coups, the results for them and for everyone must be disastrous. On this occasion the Allies have ensured resistance to Germany. The world, and the British public, will not blame them for that, provided that in taking this risk—and without risks on our side the Nazi gamblers must win every trick—our Governments were fully prepared to deal with the inevitable counter-attack from Germany. So far in this war Hitler has bluffed and we have made no bid. This week we have raised his stake. Soon the cards will be on the table and we shall see who has won the round.

OUR WAR FOOD POLICY

FOR several years a small but influential group of scientific workers has been calling the attention of the public to the exceedingly grave problem of malnutrition. The greater use of "protective" foods has been advocated to offset the bad effects—at times readily recognisable, but more often difficult to diagnose correctly—of dietary deficiencies. Invariably the question has arisen how the third of the population, known to be below the minimum nutritional standard, can afford the necessary protective foods, or even supposing the cost factor can be overcome, how it can be persuaded to spend its exiguous earnings upon a reasonably balanced diet.

There is no doubt that in the last two decades there has been a considerable improvement in the national dietary, an improvement which has accelerated in recent years. Sir John Orr, speaking of the period immediately before the present war, even goes so far as to say that "conditions were improving so rapidly that another ten or fifteen years might well have seen the end of the sordid story of poverty and malnutrition." To this change in the national dietary the constant pressure of the medical, health, and educational services has contributed, and consumers' tastes have also been influenced to a marked extent by advertisement. But the fact remains that the nutritional standard is directly correlated to the purchasing power of the individual, and so to the price of food. Only if the former had continued to expand could Orr's statement have proved correct—for there was little likelihood of technical improvement in food production and distribution being sufficient, in the next two decades, to reduce prices substantially.

War has blasted the hope that this nation can, by evolutionary methods, work itself free from the horror of food poverty and malnutrition. Not only have foreign exchange considerations, tonnage space and the general interference with trade in foodstuffs arbitrarily limited our imports of food, but, in spite of the most stringent regulations, prices must tend to rise and purchasing power to decline. And yet, under war conditions, the maintenance of the health of the community is of an importance not even second to the efficiency of the fighting machine itself. To achieve this end, it will be as important to obtain equitable distribution of food—so that the poorest section of the community is reasonably well fed—as to maintain food supplies themselves. War at least makes possible the institution of the machinery which, properly used, could ensure not only the maintenance but even the improvement of the diet of the poorest. Already the Government has controlled prices, instituted food subsidies at the rate of £50,000,000 a year, and introduced a system of rationing for certain foodstuffs. The dual system, however, of rationing by amount and of pegging prices is anomalous and will fail to achieve anything approaching equitable distribution. It is little comfort to be allowed to purchase 8 oz. of butter a week if you can only afford to buy margarine, or to be told that milk is plentiful and the price subsidised if it is never seen on your table. Moreover, fixed prices and pooling are inclined to result in the raising of the prices of the cheapest qualities, as has already been seen in the case of margarine.

Under war conditions three objectives are essential on the food front, economy in the use of shipping and exchange, maximum output of home-produced foods and a system of subsidised prices for essential energy and protective foods in order to ensure that these minima are within the reach of all. But it is insufficient to pursue these objectives in the watertight compartments of their various ministries. They must each form part of a well-conceived food policy, planned primarily on the basis of the nation's nutritional needs. At the present time there is much real confusion. Wheat, for instance, which has occupied valuable shipping space, is now being released for poultry and livestock feeding; farmers are being subsidised to plough grassland but are not told what crops to grow on their arable land (even future prices which would influence this year's crops are not disclosed); and a large section of the community cannot even afford to purchase the amounts rationed to them.

How these three objectives may be realised has been most realistically set down by Sir John Orr in his new booklet.* The adequate feeding of the population can only be secured by subsidising the price of certain staple energy and protective foods. Among the latter milk, vegetables and potatoes are the most important and contain all the necessary accessory food factors; and there is ample proof, if proof were needed, that in all three cases price and consumption are very closely inter-related. Given a well-directed agricultural policy, we can produce all that we could reasonably require of these three commodities even without materially influencing the output of other agricultural produce. Such a self-sufficiency demands an expansion of the arable acreage to at least the area under crops which we had in 1918, but with the added advantage of twenty years' progress in agricultural machinery and fertiliser production. If the supply of protective foods were assured, valuable shipping space could be more profitably devoted, at any rate in the first instance, to cheap, easily stored and economically carried energy foods—wheat, fats and sugar are the most obvious. Oatmeal, which can be so easily home-produced, would provide a further source of energy and one itself rich in vitamin B_1.

Prices should be subsidised so that even the poorest family could afford to purchase a sufficiency of the staples and still have a margin on its food budget for purchasing other "semi-luxury" foods such as bacon, tea, etc. The Government, acting as wholesale purchaser, could effectively control prices, and, whilst it might be necessary to preserve a certain amount of the quantitative rationing machinery as an insurance against sudden failure, much of the extremely expensive superimposed bureaucratic control could be dispensed with. Other foods could be controlled in consumption and in home production by price regulation once the Government had assumed absolute control of the wholesale market.

There will be opposition to such a policy, from farmers, from wholesalers, and organised distributors, but the health of the people and the successful prosecution of the war are more vital than sectional interests. The policy is one which does not unduly disturb home production and deals with the agricultural problem on traditional lines. It is little use attempting to compel the farmer to produce certain commodities; he will produce what is required in any case, *provided* he has the necessary price stimulus. Even the distributor would still be able to charge adequately for non-essential delivery and credit services *provided* that cash-over-the-counter supplies were always available at the minimum price. In the larger towns competition between distributors would probably be itself sufficient to ensure the maintenance of reasonable retail prices, once the wholesale price was fixed.

The whole policy as conceived is elastic, avoids all the dangers of pooling and retail price-fixing and obviates a great deal of bureaucratic control so irksome to producer, distributor and consumer. But it does infinitely more, it links our food policy to a definite nutritional standard, and is a policy well designed to help the country through the difficult years of reconstruction after the war, since it gives a long-term policy for foreign and dominion buying and for home agricultural production. Recent correspondence in the press has demonstrated that all is not well with our existing food policy and has called attention to the great need of an over-riding Food Council, with scientific advisers attached to it, to co-ordinate the now chaotic relations of the Ministries of Food, Supply, Shipping, Health and Agriculture. The problem must be approached, as Lord Rhondda approached it so successfully in the last war, as a consumer's problem; and there is a crying need to-day for a man of his great determination and self-sacrifice to carry out the policy which Sir John Orr has outlined.

D. SKILBECK

* *Feeding the People in Wartime.* Sir John Orr and David Lubbock. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

A LONDON DIARY

AMID the thunderous overture of the war's Second Act the voice of the Board of Education naturally found the nation a trifle hard of hearing. But the voice had something to say and it was a great pity that it could not have been said earlier, when there was less external din and Lord De La Warr could have exhibited his own pigeon. The Treasury has agreed to find pound for pound, up to £50,000, for the sustenance of the arts in wartime. As £25,000 had already been put up by the Pilgrim Trust and as the other £25,000 seems to be assured from similar sources (probably the Carnegie Trust) the Pilgrim Trust's initiative in opening up this line of cultural encouragement and the Board of Education's sense in providing aid are at once to be rewarded. It is unlike the Treasury to remember the arts, but the real difficulty lies not in handing over the money, but in finding the right recipients. That job falls to a well-chosen Committee. There is no danger here of that curse of democracy, the over-laying of important work by a large committee of leisured, opinionated, and garrulous big-wigs. The Treasury grant means, of course, the beginning of trouble as well as of opportunity. While only the Pilgrim Trust money was involved, some critics growled at the Committee for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts. But in fact this Committee has done excellent work in sending round exhibitions of contemporary paintings and craftmanship to provincial towns where, quite often, no good painting has ever been shown before. It was a good idea, too, to employ painters to record some of the vanishing beauties of England. With the entry of public money every artistic dog will bark and every artistic mendicant will beg. And who barks or begs more fiercely? However, it is an excellent thing that the State should have been induced into preserving during the war some of the things for which the war is alleged to be fought. The operative parties so far have been the administrators of the Pilgrim Trust, which handle the two millions of Harkness money, and the Board of Education, which sensibly took its chance to become, in a small way, our Ministry of Culture. When something pleasant happens, we should chalk it up.

* * *

It is one of the oddest of personal ironies that Harry Pollitt should be a Stalinist. He is a tough British Nonconformist working-class leader who would have been shot years ago in any Stalinist State. His early reminiscences in *Serving My Time* (Lawrence and Wishart, 5s.) are simple and delightful. When he talks of his mother and father and the earlier leaders of North of England Socialism who encouraged his pugnacious eloquence he is always interesting. Characteristically, he regrets that Socialist propaganda no longer relies so much on the English poets and on William Morris. His approach is ethical, however much overladen it is with Marxian dialectic; his roots are in the British Socialist movement, not in doctrinaire Leninism. According to Stalinist doctrine there is no reason why he should not have accepted Conservative money for Communist propaganda or why he should resent offers of paid publicity in Tory papers. Yet nowhere is his writing so vigorous as where he describes his blasphemous rejections of such proposals. Why did he refuse? Because of his Lancashire pride and his Nonconformist conscience, not because of his Communism. On the whole his book is good tempered, though he has a childish sneer at Brailsford and repeats a usual Communist error when he attributes the decision of people like Ellen Wilkinson, Raymond Postgate and Frank Horrabin to leave the Communist movement soon after the war to the lure of "fatter salaries" and desire for the limelight. None of them has had more limelight or enjoyed it more than Harry Pollitt, and instead of talking about salaries he would have talked better sense and better Marxism if he had said that in a democracy, which provides freedom and opportunity for Socialist propaganda, middle-class Socialists are likely to prefer the pleasures of unchartered liberty to membership of a party which disciplines thought along narrow and sectarian channels. The second part of Pollitt's book is not so interesting. It only takes us up to 1929 and its record of speeches and conferences loses the flavour of his personality. That is a pity, for Harry Pollitt is one of the few men thrown up in the last generation in England with a natural capacity for leadership. He is a man whom sincere Socialists want to follow whatever class they come from, just because he is "jannock" as his native Lancashire would say, because he is inspired with a moral fervour which is part of the Puritan tradition of England and utterly alien from the opportunism and Machiavellianism of current Marxism.

* * *

A correspondent sends me the following analysis of appointments to the four highest ranks of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, according to the *Gazette* of March 30th ("Honourables" are included as titles).

Rank	Titled	Untitled	Total
Chief Controller..	1	0	1
Controller	2	0	2
Chief Commandant	9	17	26
Senior Commandant	16	36	52
All higher ranks	28	53	81

With the exception, he adds, of the Chief Controller (Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan) and of one Dame among the Chief Commandants, who have earned their title by their own achievements, the remaining 26 titled ladies owe their rank to birth or marriage (or both). It looks as though, while democratising the army we are aristocratising the A.T.S.

* * *

A number of readers have written to ask about our new *That Germany* column. One asks why, whereas *This England* is largely derisory, *That Germany* sometimes contains passages with views closely similar to our own; another complains that it seems to be Nazi propaganda. I imagine that it is now fairly clear that *That Germany* attempts something different from *This England*. Merely to make fun of the Nazis is too easy to be worth doing; and, what is far more serious, might strengthen the delusion that the doctrines of National Socialism can be laughed out of existence by our Christopher Stones. So, in *That Germany*, we try to give an idea of what the German press really does say to its readers. This means giving a fair mixture of serious argument such as the *Frankfurter* and *D.A.Z.* provide, of significant news items which give evidence of Nazi mentality and of German interpretations of Allied policy. The reader, for instance, who complained that last week we published an attack on the Indian princes which might have come out of this journal misses the point. The fact that coming from the Nazis the criticism is utterly insincere does not mean that it is not shrewd and sometimes to the point. To give a true picture of the German press, some of this must be included, and if the result is to help us to differentiate between the lies of Dr. Goebbels and Lord Haw-Haw and the seriously weak points in the democratic case so much the better.

* * *

I was talking the other day with a Rumanian diplomat about the Dacians who form one of the original stocks of the Rumanian people. He reminded me of the Dacian legion in the Roman army and of the fort on Hadrian's Wall which we know them to have occupied. "And do you know," he said, "that there are only two places in the world where you find haggis to-day, Scotland and Rumania? The question is whether the Scottish people learnt to make haggis from the Dacians, or whether the Dacians learnt the art from Scotsmen?" Seeing that more Scotsmen read this paper than Rumanians, I hasten to add that I unreservedly accept the latter interpretation of this interesting phenomenon.

* * *

My friend's small boy, aged nine, now leads his street army, equipped with sword and fixed bayonet, made of wood. The other day he came back exultant to tea. "Was it a good battle?" his father asked. "Not *battle*," he said im-

patiently, "*economic* war." "What is that?" "Don't you know what economic war is yet? We rush down to the open patch where they built their shelter and smash it up while they are at school. That is the new war. We always play it now." CRITIC

THAT GERMANY

Racial Purity in Poland

In the German *Reichsgesetzblatt* there appears a decree signed by Himmler, which introduces special measures to prevent racial intermixture between Poles and Germans. Poles of both sexes who have been called up for civilian labour service "must always wear firmly fastened to the right breast of every article of clothing a clearly visible badge." This badge* is yellow in colour and is in the shape of a small square with a violet edge, and with the letter "P" in the middle.—*Neue Züricher Zeitung* (Swiss newspaper), April 1st, 1940.

Goebbels' White Paper

The following conclusions can be drawn from the White Paper:

1. It will confirm the German thesis that an extremely influential clique, membership of which was not limited to England, France or Poland, was determined long before the German march into Prague, to make a preventive war against Germany absolutely unavoidable.
2. The English Minister Hudson had already in April, 1939, introduced the English policy of intervention in Scandinavia.
3. After the German-French declaration of December, 1938, M. Bonnet assured Herr von Ribbentrop that France had completely abandoned any policy of intervention east of the Rhine.
4. The American Ambassadors in Paris, London and Warsaw, in startling contrast to the attitude of the American people, had intervened actively in the critical period of 1939.—*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, March 30th, 1940.

Molotov's Speech

The great Moscow speech was a warning to the Western Powers. . . . Russia made it perfectly clear that she would not remain a passive spectator of any provocations by the Western imperialists. When Churchill emphasises that Britain has no intention of seeking war with Russia and in the same breath abuses the Soviet Union, Moscow knows where the accent lies. In the same way Rome and Tokyo know what reliance to place upon Churchill's assurance that England has no quarrel with the Italian or Japanese people. The difference which the English like to make between the German people and its government has been observed. Clearly it is now to be applied to Rome, Moscow and Tokyo. Churchill declares war on all the governments of the world and woos all the peoples.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, April 2nd, 1940.

Dr. Goebbels on British Psychology

In an interview the Dr. said: The English have never been good psychologists. Perhaps you will be surprised when I assert that even in the world war this was the case. They only succeeded then because there were no psychologists opposed to them on the German side. . . . Mass psychology at that time was only a dry-as-dust University science, and British propaganda found opposed to it no propagandists and, what is worse, no real politicians. . . . Since 1918 the German people have untiringly studied the English methods. The German worker and the educated German have a much better knowledge of English character, English politics and English methods than the gentlemen in London imagine. We have become political psychologists. . . . The English have always been bad psychologists. Their failure in regard to Germany is due to the fact that having dealt with colonial peoples for centuries, they have forgotten how to behave to the greatest cultural people of Europe.—*Voelkischer Beobachter*, March 26th, 1940.

Portraits of Gort and Ironside

In England the soldier is always treated as a high-grade technician. Gort has not succeeded in freeing the army from the burden of being only the agent of British business interests. In comparison with his predecessors he had the advantage of youth; in comparison with the politicians he can show on his chest the ribbon of the Victoria Cross. . . . Compared with the politicians who talk and lie everyday, Gort is a sympathetic character because he is silent. He does not like publicity, a characteristic he shares with his superior officer, Gamelin, whom he also resembles in his aversion to doubtful adventures.

Ironside is not nearly so sympathetic a character as Gort. He regards his career not as a vocation, but as a business. His task is to make a reality out of the paper army created by the Militia Bill. The soldiers saw difficulties unknown to the politicians; such an army cannot be created in the twinkling of an eye. Ironside's job is not an enviable one.—*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, March 24th, 1940.

* The "Judenfleck," or yellow badge, was compulsory for all Jews living in the ghettos.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Martin L. Case.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

So now we are to deprive our enemy of the means of defence before really fighting him. This is hitting below the belt, and very un-English. —Mr. H. Bardsley, of Brighton, in the *Daily Mirror*.

J. S.—It is difficult to say "just when it becomes wrong for two people to kiss too much," but certainly half an hour sounds a long time. We presume the persons in question are engaged? Those who are not engaged ought not to permit such liberties, and even the engaged should use them only in moderation.—*The Universe*.

A local Trades Club in Reading has banned meetings of the Daily Worker Readers' League "or any organisation connected with the Communist Party." The ban first came into operation last Sunday and Mr. Ronald Kidd, of the National Council for Civil Liberties, was thus prevented from speaking on "British Liberty in Decline."—*Daily Worker*.

Obituary Notice on Dimitri Stanciov: "In him Bulgaria possessed a statesman of European calibre. And yet he was both lovable and true."—*Observer*.

PICTURES WITHOUT GREEN

Lady Angela Kinross is a gifted artist. She is seriously hampered in the business of painting pictures, however, by her determination to do without green.

Green is her unlucky colour and she neither wears it nor uses it on her canvases.

It would be no good asking Lady Kinross to paint a picture of cows grazing in a Devonshire field. She might paint the cows, but not the grass.—*Daily Sketch*.

Dr. Goebbels is the supreme intellectual of our age.—Bernard Causton in *Time and Tide*.

THE WAR AND THE COURTS

AFTER six months of war it is worth while to consider what the effect has been upon the administration of the law. For those who hoped for the reform of the law itself the war has been disastrous. The Criminal Justice Bill, a measure of the first importance, has been indefinitely postponed. The law with regard to Workmen's Compensation, reform of which is long overdue, will not be dealt with comprehensively, but may receive some tinkering attention. Our Divorce Laws, to the reform of which Mr. A. P. Herbert's Act was a first step, seem likely to remain in a state of chaos intensified, if possible, by what has been done. And a continuous stream of ever changing Regulations issued by the various Government Departments have seriously affected one of the prime essentials of law, that it should be certain.

So far as the High Court is concerned the war has had little effect, though probably the difference between the quality of justice meted out in London and at the Assizes has become more marked. In at least one case at Assizes a tendency has been shown to consider the public funds rather than fairness to the accused and the plain intention of an Act of Parliament. There has been in some districts a refusal on the part of counsel to deal with Poor Persons Divorces. It has for some time been increasingly difficult in the provinces to find counsel to take these cases. It is often supposed that junior counsel benefit by the opportunities Poor Persons divorces give them of appearing before the Judges. It is not generally known that the period of assizes is just the time when the young barrister gets his chance. His seniors being engaged at assizes, he gets the briefs in the county courts and before the justices which would otherwise pass him by. To take Poor Persons divorce work means, for these juniors, serious financial loss. Now that so many of the younger barristers are on service this difficulty has

become accentuated, and Poor Persons divorce is coming to a standstill. It is understood that a similar position will shortly arise in London. It has been suggested that a small fee should be paid out of public funds, but the leaders of the profession will not agree. The true remedy is to give the County Courts divorce jurisdiction.

The effect of the war in diminishing the average expectation of life has received judicial notice. Juries in most cases have been reduced from twelve to seven and the right to a jury in civil proceedings has gone altogether. The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, which was intended to enable the Courts to give relief to those whose inability to fulfil their obligations had been caused, directly or indirectly, by the war, has been narrowly construed and has to a large extent failed. To work fairly it should have empowered the Courts to take into consideration the various crises, from Munich onwards, before the actual outbreak of war. Did not the Prime Minister himself say, many months before the war, when introducing conscription, that we were not at peace?

Quarter Sessions seem to have been little affected by the war, and the Coroners' Courts can hardly be more useless than they have been for many years, though some coroners try their best. A few weeks ago a certain coroner reached a high standard of irrelevance even for inquests by bringing out the fact that a man, whose second wife had gassed herself, had had twins by his first wife, who had divorced him some years previously. This coroner also elicited that the dead woman had a child before marriage of which her husband was not the father. The coroner brought out these and other facts, he said, because there was no other way of showing the husband up for his immoral behaviour.

The County Courts have mainly been affected by the vast numbers of applications for leave to proceed under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act which have come before them, and which, in some courts, have left little time for other business. As in the High Court, the interpretation of, and the exercise of discretion under, the act has differed widely.

The effect of the war upon the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, often called the "Police" Courts, has been to make the bad courts, of which there are many, even worse than before. It has, however, been a pleasure to see the way in which some of the good courts, completely unaffected by war conditions, have given a patient, courteous hearing to the cases coming before them. Courts presided over by men of the "old Squire" type have, in my experience, been best, but some Labour magistrates have also been good. The worst, as always, have been the courts in the smaller provincial towns, presided over by small manufacturers and tradesmen, and advised by part-time clerks.

Rushing the work through in order that the bench, and their clerk, may get away, has always been a failing of the smaller courts, and the war has provided an excellent excuse. Police evidence has almost attained the sanctity of Holy Writ and a plea of "Not Guilty" is regarded as an insult to the court. A barrister told me the other day that the chairman of a certain court, at the end of a case, said that the evidence left the bench in doubt, but that under present circumstances they felt that the police must have the benefit of that doubt, so there would be a conviction. Not long ago, in a certain provincial court, a man applied for legal aid, saying that he was in receipt of public assistance. The Clerk, turning to his justices, said: "We've no time to bother with that. We're at war." The application was refused. It would probably have been refused before the war, for the legal aid provided for by the Act of 1930 has, in the Summary Courts, been a farce from the beginning. It is the Clerk's remark that is significant.

The Money Payments (Justices Procedure) Act 1935 has always been disliked by many Magistrates' Clerks, owing to the extra work in collecting fines which it entails, and the war has given them a chance to evade it. Some clerks in private, and at least one in open court, have said that they intend to fix the imprisonment at the time the fine is imposed in all but the most trivial offences.

The statement in open court was made in my presence and I remarked that the Home Office might have something to say, to which the Clerk replied, with perfect truth, that he didn't care what the Home Office said. In another court a man of 38, with a wife and three children and no previous convictions, earning £2 10s. a week, was fined £3, given a month to pay, and two months' imprisonment in default, for stealing fowls. According to his story they were stolen for food. The chairman was a Labour magistrate, a woman. The Act provides that, where a person is fined and given time to pay, imprisonment shall not on that occasion be imposed in default of payment except where the court "for special reason, whether having regard to the gravity of the offence, to the character of the defendant or to other special circumstances" determine that it is expedient that he should be imprisoned without further inquiry in default of payment. There were no special circumstances, and the court, though bound by the Act to do so, stated no reason for their decision. What was entered in the register I do not know.

The conviction held by most of the Matrimonial Courts that their main duty is to refuse separation orders wherever possible has been intensified by the war. A few weeks ago a woman applied for an order, alleging persistent cruelty. The man, who had a short time ago gone on service, appeared, and his solicitor asked for an adjournment. The woman, who was not legally represented, protested, but the case was at once adjourned for six months, the man being asked to apply for the usual separation allowance to be made and the woman being sternly told it was her duty to forgive her husband. Nothing was asked as to the nature of the cruelty. I was in court and heard what was said.

Generally speaking, the regular police have taken no improper advantage of their extensive powers, and have, though desperately over-worked, behaved extremely well. As much cannot be said, in my experience, for the special constabulary and air wardens, though it may be unfair to condemn large bodies of men for the shortcomings of a section, although a considerable one.

It has been shown that taking representative samples is a fair guide to the general position in the country. That my experience is not exceptional is proved by letters I have received from magistrates and others in districts far apart.

This war is being fought because most of us believe in individual liberty. This freedom can only be maintained so long as all our courts, from the highest to the lowest, act judicially.

SOLICITOR

BELOW STAIRS

JOKES about domestic servants are reprehended by more and more people in these days. They are frowned on as an exhibition of snobbery. We have become so class-conscious that it has affected our sense of humour. This, I think, is a mistake. Funny things are bound to happen in a relationship like that of employer and servant, and we might as well squeeze all the fun we can out of every human contact that falls to our experience. There is nothing snobbish in laughing at the fashionable men-servants whom Sam Weller met at Bath. The flunkey was a comic actor—all the more comic because he took himself so seriously. I remember about forty years ago going into the saloon bar of a public-house frequented late in the evening by the men-servants of Belgravia and enjoying the spectacle of those tall men, all addressing each other with a dignity of impressive artificiality and all spoken to obsequiously as "Mr. So-and-So" by the publican's wife as they ordered their drinks. If they were comic, it was not because they were servants, but because they were pretentious; and anyone who is pretentious is comic, whether he is a footman or a duke.

And there are comic servants of other kinds. There is the terrorist cook, for example, for fear of offending whom one either finishes the murderously peppery soup or creeps upstairs to the bathroom with it and pours it down the sink. Under

such a reign of terror I have more than once had to hide a boiled pudding at the end of a meal, pretending that I had eaten it, and afterwards to carry it out into the country for burial. To get an occasional laugh out of such female Hitlers helps to preserve our sanity. Then there are the girls who enjoy smashing plates and the vigorous middle-aged women who knock over electric lamps in the process of tidying and wash white paint with superlatively dirty cloths and the sound of whose tramping overhead makes one imagine that an air-raid has begun. And there are the bright young things who turn on the wireless in the kitchen full blast as if they wanted it to be heard by their friends in America. All these things are endured more easily if we occasionally allow ourselves to see the comic side of domestic life.

In her extremely interesting book, *The Seven Chars of Chelsea*,* Miss Celia Fremlin quotes a story from the *Evening Standard* about another kind of comic servant:

> Myfanwy was Welsh and musical, but, never having been "in service" before, had no notion . . . of "keeping her place." One evening my son and a friend were singing in the lounge to my accompaniment. The door opened. Myfanwy entered. "A little bit of music," she remarked. "I like a little bit of music." And selecting a comfortable chair she sat down to listen!

Now Miss Fremlin thinks that "the fact that this is written and read as a humorous anecdote is, when one comes to think of it, an extraordinary comment on present-day society." I do not agree. Even in an equalitarian society, people who pushed their way in unexpectedly where they were not wanted would be a fair theme for comedy. After all, one hears people groaning and laughing over unwanted visits from their relations.

I do not, of course, wish to defend the point of view of those people who regard servants as creatures who belong to a different species and are comic simply because of this. I regard the caste spirit as one of the most odious things that have survived in civilised society. Miss Fremlin is an Oxford graduate who continued her education by becoming a kitchen-hand and scullery-maid, and other kinds of domestic servant, and in this book about her experiences she tells us that after she returned to middle-class comfort her friends asked her such questions about the servants she had met as: "Do they really believe in dream-books and things?" "Some of them can't even tell the time, can they?" and "Do they really drink out of their saucers?" Questions like this could be asked only by women who look on servants as a queer savage tribe with whom they scarcely share humanity.

The very use of the word "they" convicts them of a class-consciousness that is as narrow-minded as racialism. No intelligent person could use the word "they" about servants. Servants are of all sorts, like Englishmen, Members of Parliament and journalists. Some are a little lower than the angels, some are a little higher than the devils and the rest, like most human beings in other categories, are betwixt and between. Perhaps there is less of the caste spirit in Ireland than in England; for I find it hard to believe that the women I knew as a child talked about their servants as some of Miss Fremlin's talked about theirs. Imagine for example, a woman saying of her maid: "I have no objection to talking to her within reason" or "I consider it the mark of a lady to be able to converse pleasantly with her servants on suitable topics." Obviously, it all depends on the servant whether you want to talk to her or not—or should do so.

For myself, I grew up an ardent frequenter of the kitchen. Yet I have never been able to idealise the servant's life. I have often thought that it might be right in theory to refuse unemployment pay to girls who would not accept offers of posts as servants, but in practice the acceptance of a position as a servant under a strange roof is such a gamble that I should be reluctant to force it on any human being. Labour-saving devices have in recent years greatly reduced the slavery of service, but there are houses in which the servant is still a "slavey," harried and pestered, ill-fed and overworked. I would rather be in gaol, I feel, than be a maid-of-all-work under a mistress who was a mean-minded harridan.

Miss Fremlin, it is interesting to find, was happier in a place in which she was overworked than she was in a place in which she was underworked. For a time she worked as scullery-maid in the house of an old woman of title to serve whose supper of Benger's Food and digestive biscuits required the labour of eight servants. The housekeeper ordered the supper, the scullery-maid fetched the tin of Benger's, the kitchen-maid took the lid off, the cook made the Benger's, the footman went to the butler for the key of the cupboard that held the silver tray, the butler unlocked and locked the cupboard, the footman took the supper on a trolley to the head housemaid in the hall, and she in her turn handed the tray to number eight, the lady's maid, who took it to her mistress's bedside. Though the work was as light as this, Miss Fremlin describes this house as a "nightmare boarding-school, full of children slowly growing grey," a "model prison."

How much happier she was when she got a "bad" place in a dirty, slummocky boarding-house! She explains this by saying that "above all there was freedom," and by "freedom" she means freedom, after a working-day of fourteen hours, to go out at half-past nine or ten and do as you please. Philosophers wishing to investigate the nature of freedom and happiness would do well to read Miss Fremlin's chapter on the boarding-house, in which she says, "there was a sort of care-free, gaiety that I have never known equalled." She contends that "the discomfort of living in squalor is due in large part to the attempt to keep up some standard of appearances in spite of it"; and adds: "If you no longer make the attempt, much of the misery vanishes. If you live in a community such as ours, where people wander about in dressing-gowns and curl-papers till five in the afternoon, where faces are *all* shiny and unwashed, nails *all* black, dresses *all* crumpled, then the lack of a looking-glass in your bedroom or anywhere to hang your clothes becomes of definitely less significance."

It sounds rather like Hell; but it cheers one to know that even in such circumstances human beings can make the best of things to the point of living in an atmosphere of incomparable "care-free gaiety." Or ought it to make one melancholy? Cheerful, on the whole, I think, so long as we do not become complacent.

Miss Fremlin is certainly not complacent, and in her very human and in parts entertaining book she writes of the future of domestic service with the vigour of a reformer. She obviously looks forward to a social system in which servants will not only be treated as, but be, the equals of their employers. I myself like to imagine a time when it will not be surprising to see a good butler made a knight and a good cook a Dame of the British Empire. Servants? Well, what profession could be more honourable? I have known a few tough characters among them, but as for the good ones, like Mrs. H—— and William, I would trust them with my life and, if I had one, my fortune.

Y. Y.

* Methuen, 5s.

TO REJOIN UNIT

If that should be,
Wed me unto Leda in the thin grey evening,
Give to me the silence of the pools under arches!
Make me the breeze for the paper-boats of children
To blow them, puffing, to their minds' far banks!
If that should be,
Make me to whisper in the subtle ear of goldfish,
Swing with them and hover in old lead tanks!
And, when this body's frightened smile is done,
Then let me be
Crystal rococo laughter of the fountain in the sun!
Then let my song take wings
Like peregrines of Persian kings!

DOUGLAS STREET

Miscellany

MUSIC FOR THE FILMS

I RECENTLY visited a cinema where a Technicolour film was shown called *Honeyland* in which the *dramatis personae* were bees. I thought the film hideous in colour (as are the majority of colour films from Disney onwards) and boringly vulgar in conception, the humour particularly being of the adult schoolboy type. Nevertheless, it had the slick efficiency of most American films of this kind, an efficiency which is in itself sufficient to account for their popularity in the present degraded state of public taste. What struck me most, however, was the badness of the music for a subject which to a composer of taste and some invention offered exceptional opportunities.

But those who know the conditions under which music is manufactured for films will not be surprised at opportunities missed. The wonder is that anything tolerable in the way of music is ever produced at Hollywood. A book that has just had a big sale in America has come into my hands and it gives a most entertaining account of the Hollywood musical industry. The writer considers that in spite of all present imperfections a considerable advance has taken place because until a few years ago, he says, composers for the movies were not allowed to write more than a flourish at the beginning or end of a picture. I am afraid it will sound too paradoxical to seem sincere when I say I consider this no advance at all. Apparently in the early days when it was suggested that music might heighten or intensify the emotional situation the producers would ask: "But where would the audience think the orchestra was coming from?" This, of course, was an attitude typically primitive, like the attitude of the person for whom opera is too unreal to be enjoyed.

Excuses had to be made for the presence of music by making the heroine lean out of a window and listen to a band in the street when her heart was pulsing with joy on receiving a telegram inviting her to supper; or the hero would put on a gramophone record after getting a letter from his wife to say that she was not coming back to him. If there was to be much music the hero had to be a composer who would try his unsuccessful songs on every visitor until one day an impressario or a music publisher walking in by mistake took his hat off in astonishment at discerning an unknown genius and immediately wrote him out a large cheque and an order for an opera.

As the Hollywood magnates slowly realised that the film is sufficiently artificial to have conventions, music began to flow into the sound tracks like a flood. Musicians were hired *en masse* and soon were divided into the two categories of composers and orchestrators. The composers whistled or moaned their original ideas, the orchestrator wrote them down and set them for the required voices and instruments. Needless to say, the majority of the "composers" were not musicians and the majority of the musicians (who were the orchestrators) could not compose. This division of labour has proved extremely successful as a practical method of manufacture, and has resulted in a formidable degree of specialisation which is already proving a barrier to all further development. Like most efficient manufacturing methods it produces standardisation.

It would be a mistake (but one not likely to be made by filmgoers who know anything of music, apart from films) to think that the original ideas of the Hollywood composers who produce the raw material for the orchestrators were truly original. Quite the contrary is, indeed, the case. All their original ideas have been stolen from composers of real originality—very largely in fact from the classics: Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, etc., but also profusely from Italian and Viennese opera. All the big film companies possess what we may call their Commissars of Music who select and supervise their musical workers. There are also standard rates of pay according to the number of minutes of music used. It appears that an average figure for ordinary jobs is two hundred dollars a minute. Obviously for music written *molto adagio* or *lento* with long-sustained notes and plenty of rests this is not bad pay, but for *presto* scenes it would not work out very well.

In addition to the large number of hack specialists—composers and orchestrators—now being regularly employed at Hollywood, many musicians who have obtained fame, well or ill deserved, in the real world of music have in recent years been commissioned to write music for Hollywood films. The Viennese composer E. W. Korngold was employed to reorchestrate Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music and add to it.

There are many excellent stories about Arnold Schönberg in Hollywood current among musicians. Schönberg is a composer around whom good stories seem to collect. I have heard several very good ones about him in Vienna from first-hand sources. Some of the best naturally came from Hollywood. A producer there once asked him what he thought of a certain score to a film, to which his reply was that he hadn't noticed it. Another story tells how a producer, after describing to him a scene in which there was a storm followed by an earthquake, then added: "What an opportunity for music!" And Schönberg replied: "With so much going on what do you need music for?"

Nevertheless sometimes a producer by accident or through outside influences has commissioned a talented musician to write music for a film and has given him some freedom and scope for good music. Arthur Honegger wrote the score for the English *Pygmalion*, George Auric wrote the music for René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté*. Prokoviev has written several scores for films and so has William Walton and I believe that perhaps the most talented of our younger composers, Benjamin Britten, is at present in America and may compose some film music.

Film music, like the incidental music for plays, will rarely achieve an artistic unity with its subject matter, but it may provide excellent material for a good orchestral Suite if the composer is good enough. Grieg's *Peer Gynt* music is an example and Prokoviev's *Lieutenant Kije* is another. I think this is likely to be the best we can hope for from film music for some time to come.

W. J. TURNER

COUNTRY NOTES

Dig for Beauty

THE gardening papers have all been urging us not to neglect our flowers in favour of our vegetables. Their contention is that man cannot live by potatoes and onions alone, but that his spiritually aesthetic need is as great as his physical. There is much to be said for this argument, though the more practical man might reply that sufficient beauty may be found supplied by Nature without cost or labour in a copse crammed with bluebells, wind-flowers, foxgloves, with a dash of wild crab and honeysuckle thrown in amongst the shadows of the wood. True. We need but walk out into our woods to find compositions of loveliness which no gardener can rival. Not even the most millionaire amongst gardeners. Nature has her own ideas and carries them out in a wildly careless way. We try to copy and to reproduce, but how inadequate our copy is, how meagre (though expensive) our reproduction!

Why not, therefore, abandon all attempt to keep up our gardens in this austere time? Grow cabbages instead of cabbage-roses? Peas instead of sweet-peas?

The gardening editors are wise enough not to confine themselves to the sentimental argument alone, but to put in a plea for consideration of the nurserymen. It is indeed bitter to reflect that the patient creation of a fine nursery stock, demanding many years, much thought, and considerable enterprise, should be scrapped on the bonfire either to make room for vegetables or because the diminished orders do not allow the retention of the necessary labour. (I know many of the men have voluntarily gone, in spite of the protection of a reserved occupation, but there are women, and women can make most excellent gardeners.) I heard with grief of such a case the other day. Loads of fine shrubs had been ruthlessly dug up and simply stacked on a smother-fire. Now many of those shrubs and trees represented not only years of careful cultivation, but also the endurance and

knowledge of wandering botanists in distant and difficult countries. It is surely not for this that men have travelled over the Andes and the Atlas, in Burma and Thibet? Whether the devastation takes place in a private or a commercial garden, the loss remains the same. Many of these shrubs and trees have found their way to Europe only since the beginning of this century and their fully grown beauty can only just be beginning to be realised. It is wasteful to destroy them or their progeny and the day will come when many of us will regret and bewail the depletion.

Winter Losses

Nature meanwhile has lent a hand to the slaughter with good will during the past few months. Nature seemed to have gone Nazi, and April is already showing us a good many places where we must begin to lose hope. Not that this winter can be regarded as a final test of horticultural hardiness or the reverse, for some surprising deaths have been equalled by some surprising survivals. The loss of that strong-growing yellow rose Mermaid was perhaps not to be wondered at, for she had always been reputed tender (I must say it comes as a shock to find how badly the China roses also have suffered), but it is an agreeable surprise to find *R. sinica anemone* unharmed. The specie roses and their hybrids also seem to have stood up to their troubles very well. I am not happy about the various kinds of ceanothus, but the clear blue plumbago, Willmottiana, which I had fully expected to lose, seems to have plenty of life left in it, though it may well have been cut to the ground. *Romneya Coulteri* lives, but a great deal of rosemary doesn't, a sad blow for they were large bushes. *Grevillea rosmarinofolia* has gone, of course, but *Eccremocarpus scaber* which I could have spared is flourishing. I do not believe that *Drymys Winterii* will ever show a bud again, but is it much of a loss? An overrated plant, I think, though the red stems were handsome. The leptospermums are doubtful, but I think they have gone, and regret the coral-pink variety Nichollsii.

The moral of this winter, if one has the leisure to live up to it, is always to keep a supply of rooted cuttings in pots which may be covered over by bracken or sheltered in a frame. The wise gardener in this fashion creates his own little nursery and fills his gaps without any damage to his pocket.

Apologia

It is not easy to write these notes amidst the anguish and anxiety of Europe. The smother-fire of the garden becomes only too readily symbolical, and the destruction of harmless civilised cultivated plants equally symbolical. My only excuse can be that the determination to preserve such beauty as remains to us is also a form of courage. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

WHAT YOU HEAR

ON Tuesday evening I made a trunk call to Dorchester. The girl operator told me that there was an hour's delay. I asked her to hurry it up, because I had to go out to dinner. She replied: "Will it be a rill mill?" to which I responded with: "Yes, and they will be blue-pencil angry if I'm late." She was so delighted with this piece of dialogue that she got me a line and I was through in five minutes. How many readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION can make head or tail of it? To at least three-quarters of the population the phrases "rill mill," "mind my bike," and the adjective "blue-pencil" have become a familiar part of everyday vocabulary in the past two months. They come from Jack Warner, star of the B.B.C. Saturday night variety programme "Garrison Theatre." Three months ago Jack Warner was virtually unknown. To-day Jack Warner's face with gleaming teeth is splashed right across the back of London buses; and a famous bread concern advertises its loaves as "rill mills"—i.e., real meals—one of the great Jack Warner jokes is to clip *ea* into *i*, and weirdly funny it sounds well done on the radio. His rapid success has come, I think, from a spontaneous delight in his own jokes which is particularly difficult to get over the air. Warner in a B.B.C. programme seems to be bursting out on every side with new fun and unrehearsed buffooning—though in fact he reads from his script with the closest concentration.

Anyone who has not listened to Warner in Garrison Theatre ought to do so this Saturday at 8.0. Actually Garrison Theatre is a disused parish hall. There is no stage, and the audience is one hundred. But Jack Warner convinces one that it is a very real theatre, with himself as the clown linking audience to actor, and listener to broadcaster. Warner is not his name. He is really Waters, the brother of Elsie and Doris Waters, who are probably known even to the most Calvinistic listener as "Gert and Daisy." Gert and Daisy have for many years been the unsurpassed interpreters of the working-class housewife. Unlike the B.B.C.'s own hideous attempts at charladies and cooks, who from time to time emerge as a special feature in programmes written by new graduates to the staff, Gert and Daisy are genuine. Genuine in the sense that they do not ballyhoo the working-class at all, but re-enact incidents which might have happened to anyone. And they do it with such good humour! On Tuesday Gert and Daisy started a new and important series of broadcasts—five minutes every evening at 6.15—and under the general title "Feed the Brute." In these programmes, sponsored by the Ministry of Food, Gert and Daisy are telling housewives how to make both ends "meat." I listened to their first talk on Tuesday, and it was excellent. When *they* say "A bloke called Mr. Lord Woolton," it actually sounds convincing.

Undoubtedly this oblique method of presenting domestic problems is a tremendous advance on cooking chats by a female professor. Not one of the sententious or serious personalities has climbed into prestige since the war began, and we hear much less of the Lord Eltons and Howard Marshalls who throw a rosy hue over all the land. I am not sure that they were ever very popular, and they certainly are blue-pencil unpopular with a lot of people in wartime. A lot of fuss has been made about *Onlooker*, of course, and I was amused the week before last to see that his famous Friday talk (9.15) was given in his place by Sir Joseph Addison, who out-heavied *Onlooker* with quotations from Hobbes and Schopenhauer. Last Friday *Onlooker* was back again, and started off typically enough by saying: "I want to talk about something uncongenial. Propaganda. The word itself is ugly enough." On Saturday Christopher Stone kept the ball rolling. I was inundated with letters about my criticisms of him, and (unusual experience for a critic) every one agreed with me. Then on Sunday I heard him compering a "Jazz Jamboree" in aid of the Musicians Union Benevolent Fund. There he was happy and himself. Let him stick to jazz. On Sundays we have Mr. Maurice Healy, who is really the worst of all. He likes to talk particularly about the working classes: "I have always found the individual working man a courteous person." And again, "If none of us can maintain the pre-war standard of living, I do not imagine the working man would desire to maintain a privileged position for himself." He talks about the "working man" as if he were a primitive tribe. Mr. Healy is a great expert on claret, a delightful after-dinner speaker and a prominent member of the Wine and Food Society. But why the B.B.C. give him regular time after the news on Sunday, I simply cannot conceive. Someone has realised that Gert and Daisy are good for telling us about cooking. Perhaps presently someone will realise that a little fun, a little common talk, less oratory and more sympathy, could be applied all over the B.B.C.'s moral-uplift features. MONITOR

BRITISH PAINTING AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

LET us be grateful to the organisers for having given us an exhibition which can be visited twice, and even thrice, with pleasure, and congratulate them on having reduced to moderate proportions that load of sheer rubbish with which a show of this sort is fatally cumbered. Also, taking advantage of the spacious rooms at their command, they have displayed their collection prettily; though the arrangement, it must be confessed, is tasteful rather than intelligent, a haphazard mingling of styles allowing too often a good picture to be smothered by bad ones. This is a good show, which one who cares seriously for painting cannot visit without pleasure or leave without regret—regret that it is not better: nor can he help wondering on what principle the pictures were chosen.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century British painting flourished: the British school, a match for any in Europe, seemed full of promise. A tradition, with Gainsborough and Constable as masters, appeared to be well and truly founded. But by 1837, the year of Constable's death, manifestly something had gone wrong. Alert young people would probably tell us that things had gone wrong for economic reasons, and I dare say alert young people would be right. Anyhow, the next event in the history of British painting was the Pre-Raphaelite reaction against commercialism. The Pre-Raphaelite doctrine went clean contrary to the English tradition, the

tradition of Gainsborough and Constable; at the same time it indisposed English painters and English amateurs for appreciating what was being done in France. In other words, Pre-Raphaelitism cut England off from the European movement. The history of the last seventy years, the period with which this exhibition is concerned, is the story of an attempt to rediscover our roots, the English tradition, and to regain contact with France.

The first half of the tale is melancholy: it is a tale of small talents in isolation—talents in the strictest sense of the word eccentric—and of one heirless movement. The men of talent were Conder, Steer, Sargent, Clausen and Whistler (who never became insular, and whose eminence—such as it is—derives almost entirely from the fact): they are all handsomely represented here. The movement came from the Camden Town group; and an adequate presentation of the admirable and underrated artists of this group—especially of Gore and Gilman, but why are there no drawings by Lightfoot?—is the highest merit of the exhibition. Sickert, the founder of the school, was, of course, neither isolated nor eccentric: he was, and happily remains, a master in the main current of European painting. Of his splendid contribution to this show, in which however there is not one large painting by him, I shall have something to say later.

In the history of modern British painting the crucial date is 1910, the year of the first Post-Impressionist exhibition. Here young and youngish Englishmen first became acquainted with Cézanne and his French descendants. The shock was electric. Cézanne is the refounder of the British school. After a short orgy of imitation the young painters first found themselves, thanks to Cézanne and the French, and then rediscovered the English tradition. They were the children of Cézanne and the grandchildren of Constable. It is on them that the accent of this exhibition should have fallen. In fact, of these, the English Post-Impressionists, only Gertler, Matthew Smith and Paul Nash are at all adequately shown. Gertler, to be sure, is treated well and makes a fine response, confirming the good opinion of his art long held by the best of his fellow artists and the more discerning amateurs. The other painters of the period, though not of the movement, who find favour in the eyes of the organisers appear to be Stanley Spencer and Henry Lamb. Inevitably, and much against their wills maybe, both were touched by the all-pervasive influence of Cézanne: neither has anything to do with Gainsborough or Constable. Both, in fact, are stragglers from Pre-Raphaelitism. Stanley Spencer is a curious and possibly important figure whose adequate representation in a show of this sort is right and proper; but in a collection of two hundred and three oil-paintings he would have been represented adequately by three instead of seven. By Henry Lamb we are given six oil-paintings which is at least four too many. And for some strange reason Jack Yeats, whose work is neither Post-Impressionist, nor Pre-Raphaelite, nor anything in particular, but is on a par with that of most of the young, or old, ladies who exhibit annually at Burlington House, has no less than three. That is as much as we are allowed to see of Duncan Grant. By Wyndham Lewis, Wadsworth, Vanessa Bell, Frances Hodgkin and Ivon Hitchens we must be content with seeing one oil-painting apiece. While of Keith Baynes, Ben Nicholson, Roger Fry and the oil-painting of Roberts we see nothing at all. There is not a single drawing by Dobson.

In the nineteen-'thirties, when these Post-Impressionists were growing into middle age, came rather unexpectedly into British painting an influx of young talent, at the centre of which was what is called the Euston Road school. An immense effort should have been made to show these gifted young artists to advantage, for they represent, not the end of a movement, but the hope of the future. With Sickert as old master and doyen, with the Post-Impressionists as core and backbone, and with these newcomers to carry on the torch, the British school in the spring of 1939 once again held the proud and promising position it had held a hundred and twenty years earlier. Of this the organisers appear to have been unaware. The young painters have been ignored almost. Coldstream, Pasmore, Moynihan and Graham Sutherland show one oil-painting each; by Rogers, Graham Bell, Gowing, Duplessis, Medley, Tibble and Mary Potter there is nothing; Henry Moore is represented by a single drawing: but there are six by Brabazon and ten by Crawhall. To say that pictures by these young artists are unobtainable is no excuse, because it is not true. Any competent critic, or the painters themselves for that matter, could have put the organisers on the track.

Apart from omissions and admissions, the exhibition offers few surprises. No one will be surprised to find that Sickert dominates the age. His study of a woman's back (No. 190) looks very much in place in the National Gallery: it could hang between two Rembrandts without being humiliated. Another picture which has something the air of what we are accustomed to see on these walls is Wyndham Lewis's portrait of Miss Sitwell. It lacks sensibility, like all Lewis's pictures, but it is constructed with an intelligence and vigour which reminds one of Florence rather than Chelsea. What we are shown of Gore and Gilman will certainly enhance their reputations. The latter is revealed as a delightful and personal colourist; the former as a colourist and a good deal more. The big decoration by Augustus John is something of a surprise, and a pleasant one: it is unfinished and, what is worse, incoherent, both forms and colours being unrelated; but in parts it is charming. There are passages of delight; and when one tears oneself from the pleasures of contemplation it is to let fly a curse on the English mania for portraits. John's talent has been squandered on portrait painting. His warmest admirer will hardly claim for him penetration or a turn for subtle analysis—qualities essential in a portraitist; but no detractor can deny him a beautiful fluency and ease of gesture or happy invention—the very qualities that make a decorator. If only Augustus John had decorated a restaurant how gladly would we all lunch there.

Most amateurs have seen Wilson Steer's *Knucklebones*, achieved when the artist was twenty-eight, and will be delighted to see it again, as pretty as ever. They may be pained but will scarcely be surprised to watch the work of this born painter growing feebler and feebler with the years: it is the general fate of his generation; insularity may be a cause. Of Walter Greaves, Whistler's pupil, the organisers have decided to make a fuss: they have given him five oil-paintings (the incompetent portrait of "Tinnie" is surely his and not by his accomplished though essentially feeble master). Greaves is a Sunday painter and to be enjoyed must be taken not too seriously. Another to whom space for five pictures has been accorded is Pryde. Pryde may or may not have been a good stage-craftsman, painter he is hardly to be called; and what we are shown here are not so much pictures as playhouse projects, which await the entrance of an actor or actress, with his or her lines, to animate them—always supposing that the seeds of life are there. Judiciously the organisers have not included amongst the seven Orpens with which they favour us any of those Later productions, triumphs of scintillating vulgarity, which won their author fame and honours: but even so they have not succeeded in making him look like an artist. It was whimsical of them to choose a study by Dr. MacColl which, should some indefatigable *Kunstforscher* a hundred years hence chance to look at it, will surely, though quite wrongly, be classified as "painted under the influence of Cézanne." This was a little surprise for which we are grateful.

But the big surprise of the show remains the omissions and admissions, and the amount of space, and presumably of importance, accorded to different painters. Bearing in mind that there are in the gallery but two hundred and three oil-paintings on canvas or board (and also that there are two hundred and three), the student may legitimately wonder on what principles, historical, philosophical or aesthetic, this collection was made. He may even wonder whether the organisers' choice was not determined by considerations which escape him.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Vic-Wells Ballet, at Sadler's Wells

The ballet-going public, of which a large part is now in uniform, has given the best possible welcome to the returned ballet by filling the theatre every night. The company has imposed on itself the formidable task of presenting three of the great classical ballets in their entirety, *Swan Lake*, *The Sleeping Princess* and *Coppelia*, the two first for one performance only. The high quality of the orchestra and dancers has not suffered, in spite of the severe strain of such single performances, added to the adjustment of parts due to illness in the company and to the unexpected defection of one of the principal male dancers. No doubt these single performances may also be regarded somewhat in the light of rehearsals for the now officially announced visit to the B.E.F. in France, on which all parties are to be congratulated. There will also be one great novelty this season. It was exciting to reflect that behind the engaging antics of Puss in Boots and the detached courtesies of the First Prince in *The Sleeping Princess*, Frederick Ashton was maturing his new ballet, which in dynamics and style will contrast as strongly with *Dante Sonata* as the music of Bach, on which it is based, does with that of Liszt.

"The House in the Square," at the St. Martin's

The Square is Eaton, the House a Peer's; the action ranges from 1910 to the present, and the Peer's wife is played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite. On this basis the dramatist (Miss Diana Morgan) has contrived an entertainment that promises to be popular. The *Milestones* type of plot is intrinsically good, because it lends itself to pattern-making. In this play the daughter is about to repeat her mother's Great Mistake, when the grandmother, who on the first occasion had been too discreet to interfere, saves the situation by masterly unscrupulousness. *The House in the Square* has a further great advantage: unlike most modern comedies, it contains a lot of material. The dialogue contains some very wise cracks, but when it comes to treating subjects like feminism and war, there is a considerable lack of distinction. First and foremost the play is a vehicle for Miss Braithwaite, obviously written to display her delightful talents. Lady Mountstephan is a character only too familiar to theatre-goers; as vague as she is charming, as unconventional as she is shrewd, she is managing, courageous, unselfish and successful—a matriarch who typifies the British Empire as seen through rose-coloured glasses. Miss Braithwaite goes through these conventional paces with easy elegance, and in fact makes the play. But there are disadvantages. The slow *tempo* that suits her makes the play drag when she is not speaking; and as she plays every line for an effect, the flow of the dialogue is continually held up. One feels sorry for the rest of a good cast: Mr. Michael Shepley, with a most accomplished performance, and Miss Marion Spencer are the least damaged survivors. (If Miss Spencer's part had been longer, the play would not have seemed so long.) Miss Margaret Rawlings struggles pluckily—indeed she works intensity to the utmost—but the remorseless waters close over her head. It is Miss Braithwaite's evening, a triumph of experience and personality. The decor by Mr. Gomer Parks is highly intelligent. Altogether a show in which you get your money's-worth.

"Rebecca," at the Queen's

This best-selling novel translates into theatre idiom without much difficulty and on much the same level; hardly a good play, *Rebecca* makes lively popular entertainment. Its merits are a strong, well-tried plot with an exciting twist, and the appeal of its awkward school girl heroine. The action moves fast from situation to situation, and although the suspense is somewhat crudely created, and the flashback which gives Mr. Owen Nares his big moment is clumsy, the story certainly holds the interest; while for those who know the ending there is the audible pleasure of comparing in ringing whispers the stage version with the novel. The appeal of the heroine is conveyed by Miss Celia Johnson in a quite outstanding performance; she beautifully suggests the awkward coltish immaturity of an unsophisticated girl bewildered in an unaccustomed range of social life. Every movement Miss Johnson makes, of her feet, her hands, her shoulders, helps to build up her portrait; and her success is the more remarkable in that she, like the rest of the cast, gets little or no help from her lines. The other characters are the roughest sketches of types and are all competently played as such. Mr. Owen Nares presents the country gentleman with a temperament; Miss Margaret Rutherford misses no opportunity as a stage Sinister Housekeeper; Mr. Raymond Huntley gives his usual quiet polish to the part of the sympathetic friend. The direction by Mr. George Devine is naturalistic with an eye for convincing detail, made all the more probable by a set, which conveys very effectively the impression of a spacious country house.

"Good Men Sleep at Home," at the Shaftesbury

There are two kinds of farce: those that are in for a run and those that aren't. The chief difference between them is that in the case of the second one laughs only at the good jokes, whereas the first makes one laugh at everything. *Good Men Sleep at Home* belongs to the first, the successful class; you guess it from the audience when the curtain goes up, the actors know it, the author even seems to have known it (he provided audiences with *A Little Bit of Fluff* during the last war). And what were some of the things we laughed at most? A man with a straw hat and a cleft palate trying to describe a car accident; a doctor handing out innumerable bottles of medicine with contradictory instructions; a road-house keeper getting drunk (here an Italian accent helped); doors slamming, husbands hiding behind the coffee-pot or crawling under tables, telephone bells interrupting. There is, of course, an inventor (what farce could do without?) and the morning paper contains news of depressions moving from Iceland. One feels that the butter on the breakfast table is still unrationed. *Good Men Sleep at Home* comes out of the pre-war drawer, but it gets its laughs. Mr. Hugh Wakefield as an errant husband has a good repertoire of frantic signals which can be changed instantly into an airy tralala, Miss Olga Lindo sniffs out secrets with a businesslike cold fury which is delightful. And for once the butler (Mr. Brian Reece) is smart, young and can't help smiling.

"Love All," at the Torch.

Farce, one supposes, should be as broad as it is long; and if Miss Sayers' characters are too typed to be credible, they are very amusing in their own convention. The best-seller writer living in Venice with an actress: the mouse-like little wife transmigrated into a successful dramatist: the faithful secretary: the exquisite young actor: the jovial producer—are stock comic characters which nevertheless manage to be entertaining. Mr. Wyndham Goldie convinces us that romantic novelists are as simple and unintrospective as golf champions; Miss Emma Trenchman presents an actress whom no one but a writer would believe in; and, as usual, Mr. Aubrey Dexter proves that he can get triumphantly away with almost anything. The complexities of the plot hardly demand unravelling. There are misunderstandings, misalliances, resortings of liaisons and realignings of alignments of the kind one anticipated from the first five minutes. *Love All* is a jolly little play for the uncritical, and seemed to please the audience. Light comedy is plainly not Miss Sayers' job; but she is too competent a writer completely to fail in anything.

Angela Kinross and Francis Rose, at the Matthiesen Gallery

Lady Kinross and Sir Francis Rose are by no means amateurs: they say what they want to say in paint with ease and fluency. Sometimes, indeed, the statement is more sensational than sensitive, as in Lady Kinross's *Page-Boy* and Sir Francis Rose's *George Ward-Jackson*. But in most of her paintings Lady Kinross expresses a charming appreciation of things seen—the elegance of boughs against the sky, fishing-boats in a Mediterranean harbour, a French *château* or, in one of her best pictures, the landscape of Normandy. Sir Francis Rose is at his best in the unpretentious studies of architectural subjects, like the *Still-Room at Mereworth Castle*, in which he makes us share his appreciation of *rocaille*. In other pictures his wit is apt to become rather mannered, while a sheet of Winkleresque drawings entitled *The Dream of Jezebel the Lighthouse* suggests a collaboration between Dali and Tuke.

"Of Mice and Men," at the Odeon.
"The Earl of Chicago," at the Leicester Square Theatre.

John Steinbeck is a writer whose sympathy for the men who work on the land and who do not own it has made him a best selling novelist in the Zola tradition, dramatic, forceful, and reformative in intention. *Of Mice and Men*, first as a novel and then as a play, presented to the American public an aspect of the lives of the migratory labourers which made a profound impression: now it emerges as one of the most moving and original films that have been shown for a long time. It is an improvement both on the book and the play, first because the sentimentality which cloyed a little in the book is a more accepted part of cinema than of literary convention and therefore less noticeable in the film,

and secondly because the camera, brilliantly handled, gives great authenticity to the general atmosphere. Mr. Steinbeck is essentially a dramatic not to say sensational writer, and he always presents his moral lesson in a guise as original and fascinating as it is crude, which makes him an ideal writer for the screen. Lennie, the moronic, childish, kindly, giant, whose terrific strength is always landing him in trouble, Curly the boss's son, small, dapper and wildly aggressive, Mae, his silly, pretty, thwarted wife, are wonderfully effective screen material. The action is throughout as brutal, sudden, and unexpected as a Nazi invasion—Lennie, during a fight with Curly, provoked into crushing his hand to a pulp; the unintentional murder of Mae; the crudities of life in the ranch bunk-house—and, if it were not for the sincere and distressing theme which runs through the entire film, the violence would undoubtedly be too strong for the average taste. As it is, the fundamental longing of the labourers to save enough money to buy a plot of land, an ambition virtually impossible to realise, is presented so poignantly as to disguise the crudeness of the plot. The film is on the whole brilliantly performed; Burgess Meredith as George, Lennie's friend, is a little too intelligent for the part, Lon Chaney Junior almost triumphs over the impossibly difficult role of Lennie, while Betty Field, as Mae, and Roman Bohnen are both superb. Lewis Milestone, the director, deserves particular praise for his handling of the minor characters.

The Earl of Chicago should never have left his native city. In the person of Robert Montgomery he was very much at home in the gangster life of Chicago. Someone connected with this film had read a few text books on psychology and we are given in the first few moments an excellent sketch of the arrested development type of gangster. But the gangster inherits a British peerage, and although he goes to claim the estate, determined (like the authors and directors of the picture) to spit in the eye of British tradition, it only takes a few days on English soil to convert the whole unit into rampaging snobs. The Earl first takes his seat in the House of Lords and later is tried by his peers, and in between he pays a visit of hideous embarrassment to Gaffer So-and-so, the oldest inhabitant, and to old Nana who lives in a cottage, thatched practically to the ground, and who wears a mob cap and dimity apron. The Earl is eventually executed for murder in full court dress—for one moment it seemed as if he might be beheaded but disappointingly he is hanged. Thanks to an encouraging glare from the family butler he is able to mount the gallows steps with aristocratic bravery. Robert Montgomery somehow manages to give one of the best performances of his career.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, April 13th—
An Orchestral Concert of works by Soviet Composers, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Queens Hall, 2.30.
Labour Party Pacifist Fellowship, London and Home Counties Regional Conference, Friends House, 3.15.

SUNDAY, April 14th—
Prof. J. C. Flugel: "Psychological Study of Marriage," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, April 15th—
Poetry Recital in aid of British Red Cross Fund, Central Hall, 1.15.
W. Arthur Lewis: "Reconstruction in the West Indies," 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, 7.45.
"King Lear," Old Vic.

TUESDAY, April 16th—
Dr. Karl Mannheim: "Human Nature and the Social Order," I.S.T.D., 8 Portman Street, 6.30.
F. Le Gros Clark: "Nutrition and War," 15 Percy Street, W.1, 8.
"Abraham Lincoln," Westminster.

WEDNESDAY, April 17th—
Fabian Society Lunch, Tom Wintringham: "Is Victory Possible?" Royal Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, 1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.
Prof. Soubotic: "Yugoslavia and Peace in the Balkans," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.

THURSDAY, April 18th—
Tea-time Concert by Rosé Quartet in aid of Christian Council for Refugees, Queen Mary Hall, Gt. Russell Street, 5.30.
"Up and Doing," Saville.

FRIDAY, April 19th—
Mrs. Eva Hubback: "Family Allowances," Linnean Soc., Burlington House, 5.
Prof. Emile Cammaerts: "Foundations of Belgian Nationality," Royal Institution, 9.

SATURDAY, April 20th—
Civil Liberties Week-end Conference on "The Press, Civil Servants and Trade Unions in Wartime," Arnold House Hotel, Brighton. Till 22nd. Particulars from HOL 9671.

Correspondence

PROGRESSIVE ORGANISATION

SIR,—The Russo-German pact and the Finnish war have shattered the link between the Soviet Union and the British Intellectuals, so that many who used to listen in to Moscow have now started to think for themselves. In this situation we are now faced by a series of pamphlets and books by writers of different shades of progressive opinion which appear to differ only in their emphasis on different points. Acland and Wells agree in telling us that we have to face a future of social reorganisation at home and of International organisation abroad, and countless others are writing and talking on the same lines. The one thing that none of them tell us is how we are to achieve these objects, and it is in the hope of starting a discussion of this matter that I am writing the present letter.

Let us be clear that lack of means is a basic factor in the present situation. I suggest that at the moment no real International Socialist organisation exists. Yet the demand is great; the workers of the world don't want Hitler, they don't want Stalin and they don't want Chamberlain. For the people of this country the inefficiency of the last mentioned may deliver them into the hands of the first and so long as the Labour party accepts the present Parliament for the duration there seems to be no alternative. Philip Toynbee tells us that people are staying in the Communist Party because there is no alternative. Yet must there really be no alternative? Are the British Progressives so impotent that they cannot call a conference or run a campaign unless the Communist Party is there to organise it for them? Here credit must be given to those who had the guts to start up Federal Union; for they have brought the problem of International Democratic Government in the realm of practical politics. This is an immense step forward and it deserves to be recognised by all those like Mr. Acland who regard an International Democracy as a desirable aim." Yet the criticism that Federal Union does not seek to solve the social problem is a serious one and it is one that has added force if the home front in Britain is to be the decisive front in the struggle for democracy. Its weight is felt by many members of Federal Union, yet they do not deserve to have concentrated upon them the ire of those who see the urgency of social change and unable to achieve it. I believe that nearly all progressives in this country now want Socialism or something like it, International Government and democracy or the Rights of Man. When Prof. Ryle stood for this at Cambridge he got a 60 per cent. increase on the previous Labour vote though he was opposed by the best candidate the Conservatives have ever had. Is it impossible for an imposing National organisation to be created and to put candidates in the field at by-elections until the Labour party is stung into standing up for its own beliefs and offering an alternative government? Or would such action so split the progressive movement in this country that it would be impotent for another generation? In any case I am convinced that the problem of the moment is, as Mr. Kingsley Martin recently put it, how "to create a practical British Socialist movement here, which we shall need during the war and after it, whether it ends in victory, defeat or stalemate." The problem may be insoluble. R. N. HAWARD

PROBLEMS OF THE RICH

SIR,—I wonder if a reader who is not a Socialist may ask what is a really substantial contribution for the rich to make to the country. The phrase occurs in Mr. Harrison Barrow's letter, but the idea appears common to other writers in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Apparently 17s. in the £ is not considered substantial.

Another point which one who has no pretensions to being an economist cannot understand is the permanent benefit of a capital levy. If you divide the capital, or a proportion of the capital, of a capitalist paying 17s. in the £ it will not bring in nearly as much in tax or death duties. Nor would the distribution of the capital of the 100,000 rich cause any practical economy in the cost of the social services. Surely there are some geese worth preserving, unless they are proved to be egg-bound?

From the moral point of view, it has always seemed to me that it is not so much by how much money you have that you should be judged, but by how you spend it. The case of the country landowners never appears to be considered fairly in your columns. In many cases by far the greater part of their income goes in wages, repairs and charities. They do not appear to be in quite

the same category, or worthy of the same purgatory, as those who have given up the struggle and retired to service flats in London, where they can spend their income as pocket money, leaving all the responsibilities of the country estate behind them.

Much of the money of the first class is in trustee securities. They have little prospect of increasing their income, while the calls on it grow no less. They do a good deal of voluntary work and usually look after their estate workers and families in a way which no Government employer does. The wages paid may not be very large, but in cases of emergency help is usually given far in excess of any sickness benefit, etc. There *are* such things as benevolent landlords, though it is the custom to deride their intelligence as displayed by the Colonel Blimps on the local benches, etc. "NOT A SURTAX PAYER"

THE RIVAL CIVILISATIONS

SIR,—Mr. Robertson apparently objects on historical grounds to my statement that the political principles of Western civilisation are liberalism, democracy and national self-determination. I would point out that I exclusively and deliberately used the present tense. I did not say that the principles of Western civilisation had always been such. They have, in fact, been gradually developed in the course of that civilisation. The last principle has only very recently been formulated.

It follows that the Western civilisation of the Roman Empire was not the same thing as that of modern Western Europe, although there has been a historical and geographical connection between the two. I said nothing about any "eternal" principles.

As regards Mr. Robertson's strange list of "champions of Western civilisation," I would certainly object to the presence therein of Napoleon, Mussolini and General Franco. These are rather to be regarded as champions of the despotic and imperialist principles of Eastern civilisation. JAMES SOUTHWORTH

14 Kensington Road, Blackpool.

SIR,—It is pathetic to observe how, when some pet theory of theirs is challenged, the most intelligent of men lapse into the most unintelligent of arguments. Mr. Robertson provides us with a perfect example. If he wishes to discuss the West v. the East in terms of Kings, Captains, and financial Conquistadores he should do so by comparing Western Kings, etc., with Eastern Kings, etc. But he does not do this. He just quotes some undemocratic Westerns, and says, "Look at your democrats!" If, however, he plays fair, and compares Augustus with his opposite number in Turkey, Napoleon with his opposite number in, say, China, and so on; he will find that there is something to be said for Mr. Southwood's theory. Though of course any argument in terms of selected individuals is unsatisfactory. RICHARD HOPE

THE MIDDLE CLASSES

SIR,—"Critic" is, of course, right in implying that workers in the professions and in the technical and administrative branches of industry must usually remain "non-political" if they want to stay there; I am inclined to think that he is on less safe ground in saying that the scholarship boy usually accepts the "anti-Red" attitude of his new class. It is, however, on the first statement that I would like briefly to comment.

I have never seen any reference to the increasing extent to which, in recent years, large sections of the middle class have withdrawn, or been withdrawn, from active political work. This tendency has gone far beyond the Civil Service—where politics is taboo save, perhaps, for the lower industrial grades. I find that many of my teacher friends and municipal workers find it best to take no part in political work. Bank clerks seem to be in much the same position—and so on, right into many areas of the business world, for I have often been told by business men that it is best for them "to have no politics." The growth of big corporations and the bringing of large numbers of employees under the control of the bigwigs of the vested interests has meant, I think, an increasing loss of political independence in the middle classes—and it will perhaps be conceded that this means a serious loss to the community, for those affected include a substantial number whose education and training should make them valuable as active political workers.

In this matter I see a considerable change over the past thirty or forty years and I think it would be well worth the while of some 1940 Graham Wallas to take stock of what has happened and to consider the effect on politics of leaving large groups of middle-class men and women with nothing but their votes.

MIDDLE CLASS

JULIEN GREEN AND FRENCH POLITICS

SIR,—As several passages in M. Julien Green's *Journal* show, he is—rather surprisingly—an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens; and the following paragraph dealing with one of the livelier aspects of political activity, at present rather frowned on in Paris, has a richly Dickensian flavour, and corroborates your reviewer's remark about M. Green's amused aloofness from politics: "Le plus singulier talent des Parisiens, c'est celui d'élever des barricades en très peu de Temps. C'est une sorte de don héréditaire. Le Parisien n'a pas même besoin de réfléchir. Il sait d'instinct quels pavés il faut prendre, quelles voitures font le meilleur usage. Il a l'habitude." HAROLD BINNS

THE RELEVANCE OF IRELAND

SIR,—Much of Mr. Horsfall Carter's article, "The Relevance of Ireland" in your issue of April 6th was most interesting and illuminating to one whose first-hand experience of that country ceased nearly twenty years ago; but his observations on Partition are nothing but vague accusations, question-begging assumptions and distortion of issues. He talks about Ireland's "smouldering grievance" and gives the impression that Partition is being maintained by the British Government, supporting perhaps a couple of dozen Northern Irish bigots and aristocrats. If he has any information that the vast majority of the population of Northern Ireland has ceased steadily and vehemently to support the policy of separation from the rest of Ireland he ought not to keep it to himself; and until such evidence is produced I feel myself justified in preferring the testimony of the parliamentary elections.

Mr. Carter says that Mr. De Valera is ready to enter into a round-table discussion with representatives of Northern Ireland. Why not? The fact of their taking part in such a discussion would be his victory, leaving only detail to be settled. To blame Lord Craigavon (and his "cabal," to use Mr. Carter's urbane expres-

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sion) for declining to take part in such a conference is as unreasonable as it would be to blame Mr. Chamberlain for refusing to call a conference with his opponents to discuss ways and means of achieving Socialism. There is no inherent wickedness in Lord Craigavon's point of view, any more than there is anything fundamentally sound in Mr. De Valera's. The Catholic Irish believe in the unity of Ireland, the Protestant Ulstermen believe in the unity of the British nation, of which they feel themselves a part, while the Catholic Irish do not. I cannot see why the former view should be considered natural and proper and the latter held to be perverse and bigoted; nor can I see how we in this country will gain in honour, prestige or reputation for decent dealing by cajoling and threatening Northern Ireland to make it acquiesce in Mr. De Valera's view. ATHOMEN ORRETT

THE GERMAN COMMUNISTS

SIR,—It was with very much interest that I read an article in your issue of the 6th inst. which was dealing with views expressed by Walter Ulbricht, member of the Central Committee of the German Communist Party. No doubt, his opinion as to the attitude of German Communists to the Soviet-German pact has the approval of the Party itself.

It is simply amazing how rapidly Herr Ulbricht is able to alter his opinion, and shows clearly that most of the members of the Comintern blindly and stupidly ape Russian policy, no matter how contradictory to their own views that may be. For instance, not more than one week before conclusion of the Russo-German pact, Moscow radio quoted following sentences from an article by Herr Ulbricht which appeared in the anti-Hitler *Deutsche Volkszeitung* ("German National Journal"):

> . . . It is an absolute essentiality to fight Hitlerism by all means at our disposal. Therefore the French and Polish people in common must put up a gallant stand against German aggression.

But, of course, at that time Herr Ulbricht was unaware of the real intentions of his bosses in the Kremlin. F. KENLEY

3 Church Lane, Chichester, Sussex.

(The high position of Herr Ulbricht in the German Communist Party and the publication of his article in *Die Welt*, the official German Communist Paper, leave little doubt that his views represent the orthodox attitude. Whether the rank and file share them is another question.—ED. *N.S. & N.*)

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PROBLEM

SIR,—My son's second term at the village school ended with the Easter holidays. My son's father, his uncles and grandfathers, went, as a matter of course, to the great public schools, preceded by expensive private schools. My son had also been "put down" for Winchester.

Since the war he has been going to the elementary school in the village. He has never been happier in his life; he is learning fast; the teaching, by a young, highly qualified and enthusiastic woman, seems more effective than was the teaching at his expensive private school. He has two voices, one for his school friends, one for use when reciting and (occasionally) at home. The question of class does not arise: he is merely interested to find how many different kinds of people there are in the world, how many different ways of talking and thinking.

He counts among his best friends Arty, a farm labourer's son and a staunch country character; Duggie, small nervous evacuee from Stoke Newington; Herbie, also from London, pert and clever, the school comic. And little Barbara, the local doctor's daughter.

To Arty he says: "Cor, Arty, seen that little ole bird's nest?"

To Herbie: "Wotcher, mate, got any conkers?"

To Barbara, rather tenderly: "Would you like to play with my train?"

He is learning to take his place in the rough and tumble; he knows who to punch and who to avoid; and if he learns some funny words, well, from what my brothers tell me, they learned some funny words at Winchester, too. Only they don't say them at home. My son doesn't say them at home either.

He is six years old. So far so good. Now I am thinking what of the future? Is he to continue under the system of free national education? Or shall he go on—or should I say go back—to the old public school system which really is so very, very private?

Everyone gives different advice.

An ex-elementary schoolboy says: "Don't go on sending him to the council school. By the next generation *everybody* will go to them, but wait till the system is perfected: it will be. To be an elementary schoolboy now is a stigma and a handicap. When I fill in forms asking me to 'state education,' if the answer is only State education it gets one nowhere. The plums in the professions are still reserved for the 'ex-public school man.'"

The local doctor says: "The future belongs to the workers; send him to school with them. What's the good of labelling your son a member of a dying class?"

My pocket says: "2½*d.* a week for milk is my total outlay for Max's education. That comes cheaper than 35 guineas a term plus extras."

I say: "England is practically the only country left where men (and to a lesser degree women) are 'placed' according to the school they went to. For a democracy, this is surely undemocratic?" In America, Canada, in France, everybody goes to the same schools. It is time the English public schools became public in the true and original sense of the word.

If I, and people like me, go on waiting for the classless society to arise, it never will arise. If I, and people like me, do not revolt against the folly of paying guineas for compulsory school clothes and pinching and scraping to meet "good" school fees, then these schools will continue in their narrow tradition, and fail to play a useful part in the wider life of the nation. But the revolt, unspoken in our hearts for so long, is breaking through: publicly the public schools avow their intention of adapting their traditions to the changing world.

But don't let them throw out the baby with the bath water. I want the best of both worlds for my son and his friends. I want them all to have the sense of the past, often described to me by my brothers; the feeling, as you study in "cloister time," among grey buildings softened with the gold of years, that you are not alone; the benevolent ghosts of a thousand dead scholars walk with you, and transmit in some mysterious way the gentle influences that belong to the best spirits of all ages.

But I want my son, and Arty and Herbie and Doug, to bring a fresh wind blowing through those proud establishments which have "learnt nothing and forgotten nothing for a thousand years." I want them to bring toughness, realism and healthy ridicule to the absurd snobisms and prejudices of these ancient institutes: and may they once and for all:

> Spit in the eye
> Of the Old School Tie.

MOLLY FORDHAM

STUDENT CONGRESS IN LEEDS

SIR,—"Critic," in his paragraph this week about the Student Congress in Leeds, refers to the *Manchester Guardian* and suggests that nowadays one would "look in vain throughout the rest of the British Press to find an informative report of any expression of unpopular opinion." It seems fair to point out that the students, at a final meeting of one of the commissions, passed a special vote of thanks to two papers, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury*, for their careful, sober and sincere reports of the Congress. CHARLES DAVY

Birch Hay,
Chelsfield, Kent.

PATENTS POOL

SIR,—In your April 6th issue, Mr. R. Calder, in his article, "A Patents Pool," stated that James Watt reaped the benefit of his invention because of the commercial help given by Matthew Boulton. This, to my mind, gives a false impression of the business relations that existed between Watt and Boulton. It is true that Boulton sold his Partington estate for £15,000 in order to help Watt, but only about £3,000 of this was needed to finance Watt—the remainder going to Boulton and Fothergill.

But when Boulton and Fothergill were in financial difficulties, owing to bad management, Watt mortgaged the steam-engine concern, which was entirely separate from Boulton and Fothergill, to Lowe, Vere and Williams for £14,000. Later on, a certain James Wiss was induced to lend £7,000 to Boulton and Forthergill, in return for an annuity of £700. This agreement was secured by the engine premium agreement with Chacewater Mine in Cornwall. Thus, it cannot be said that Boulton and Fothergill was the financial support upon which the steam-engine concern rested, nor does Watt appear as a man who received everything and gave nothing. He helped again in 1781.

On Boulton's own admission, we know that it was only his partnership with Watt that saved him from ruin. He did not know the value of the invention, but he gambled, and won.

"Stratton," 13 Stapenhill Road, A. H. MILTON
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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN a tribe is on the point of extinction it is evidently desirable that a philologist should record their language. Mr. Morris Marples is therefore opportune in compiling his glossary, *Public School Slang* (Constable, 10s.). At least half a dozen well-known schools, I understand, are already on the verge of bankruptcy, and if the system survives it can be only with the assistance of the State—which will not, one trusts, be given without enforcing many drastic changes. The slang collected with such care by Mr. Marples not only will interest amateurs of words, but is admirably, not to say painfully, expressive of the Public School spirit. One of the chief functions of slang is to emphasise the cohesion and exclusiveness of a group: it may conceal the shared secrets of criminals, or display the wit of a distinguished family like the Lyttletons and Barings. Since the Public Schools, despite their nominal adherence to the Christian ethic, value and inculcate *esprit de corps* above all the virtues, these institutions naturally accumulate and hand down, in some cases with all the weight of authority, a body of private speech. It is at Winchester, I believe, that the Public School spirit attains its greatest intensity, permanently affecting a larger proportion of its products than any other school manages, or perhaps even desires, to do. One is not surprised therefore to find that Winchester possesses and cherishes a far more elaborate private language than any other school, a language with text-books that have to be studied by each generation of new initiates. (Correspondingly, Eton, the Public School in which tribalism or standardisation is least conspicuous, has only a small body of slang.) These Winchester idioms, which are called "Notions," are particularly interesting because often they are ancient words that have long since been obsolete elsewhere.

> *Cud, fardel, ferk, roke, swink, thoke* and *tight* (= *tite*) all date from about the time of Chaucer or earlier, and have been out of general currency for four or five centuries. Seeing that a school generation is only some four or five years, it is very remarkable that such words should have survived, and they are actually most of them still current.

While Winchester has preserved such curious antiquities, I do not think it has given any new words to our common speech. Mr. Marples includes *Muff* which is probably not school-slang by origin, but he omits the derivation suggested by Mr. Eric Partridge. *Squash*, he tells us, is Harrow's chief contribution to the English language—the game having first been played there. *Swot*, which has passed into general slang, derives, it seems, from Sandhurst; *Shell* as the name of a form from Westminster. *Blazer*, I was interested to learn, was first applied to the coat of blazing scarlet worn by members of the boat-club at St. John's College, Cambridge. But such instances seem to be rare, and I have found only a few words in Mr. Marples' glossary that I should like to see generally used. *Muggety*, meaning stingy, and applicable both to the giver and the gift, is a felicitous invention of Colston's School; and I specially like the exclamation *Clicks* which prevails at Bushey. This is "addressed to a boy who obtained commendation from a master for a piece of work or an action outwardly smart and effective, but to the knowledge of his fellows involving some deception—e.g., if a boy were praised for being smartly dressed, though his friends knew that the buttons of his underclothing were undone, he would be greeted thus." This is a word that would often spring to one's lips.

Most school-slang, however, is depressingly squalid—food, work, punishment and games are the subjects of a vast number of terms, but disapproval is the emotion that most urgently calls for the additional intensity of expression provided by slang. Censoriousness and intolerance are of course the commonest results of excessive *esprit de corps*. (Incidentally I wonder why this quality, which in both its good and its bad forms seems conspicuously English, should have no native name. Almost all our military terms derive from France, but *esprit de corps* can never have been an exclusively military characteristic.) Mr. Marples has an interesting note on "Privilege and Taboo."

> These notions, generally associated with primitive tribesmen, in reality play a most important part in the lives of public school boys. In every school there are a number of things which persons of a certain standing may do, but others may not. For example, at Eton members of Pop may walk arm-in-arm with each other or with non-members, sit on the Long Wall, walk in front of the common herd at football matches, and wear buttonholes and patent-leather boots: at Rugby only *swells* may walk on one side of a certain road, or wear coloured socks: at St. Bees only the Sixth Form might put their hands in their pockets in a certain way: at Haileybury only boys who had been in the school for at least a year might wear their caps on the back of the head. Such examples might be multiplied indefinitely.

This nicely illustrates the fact that boys of Public School Age are passing through a tribal phase. Just as the development of the human fœtus recapitulates the long biological history of man's evolution, so before and during the age of puberty we adopt patterns of behaviour suggestive of the Huron and the Ba-Bongo. (It is however a vice of the modern Public School that it retains in its tribal system young men of seventeen who ought to have shed their savage mentality and be adapting themselves to civilised life.) Mr. Marples has culled from our Academies for the Sons of Gentlemen a handsome vocabulary of torture. *Bottling* (Durham) meant roasting a boy in the front of the fire. (Lord Holland's fingers were permanently disfigured by being obliged as an Eton boy to make toast without a toasting-fork.) *Tin gloves* at Winchester were applied by taking a half consumed stick from the fire and drawing the red-hot end down the hand between the knuckles and the wrist, and then making two or three traverse lines across. Mr. Marples does not refer to the "basket" which was, and for all I know still may be, a form of torture in which Marlburians took a particular pride; but "stripping" at Sherborne, "pooping" at Tonbridge and "greasing" at Winchester are among the polite customs here described. I was amused to read that at my own old school a bully was called "a plucky," since bullying was very well thought of there; the flattering name seemed significant, but I don't remember ever hearing it. The names given to new boys may be thought similarly expressive of the ethos prevalent in our great Christian schools: at Charterhouse, and at St. Bee's, it appears, they are (or were) known as *new squirts*, *new ticks*, and *new bugs*; at Rossall as *prep pests*, at Shrewsbury as *new scum*. Other terms which the Public School boy can look forward to hearing—and using, are detailed by Mr. Marples, including *swank, sneak, jew, swine, scoff, cod, blog, nip, lout, wet, drip, squit, squirt, mug, scug, sap, simp, sut, gump, goof, goop* and *waft*. To these effective monosyllables euphony requires the addition of a disyllabic epithet, such as *rotten, putrid, stinking, filthy, dirty, mouldy, lousy, loathsome, ghastly, frightful, beastly, blasted, blooming* and *blinking*. The pejorative use of *festive* at Charterhouse is interesting, because it shows how deeply the human boy dislikes the spectacle of happiness among his juniors. It would be most unfair, of course, to conclude from Mr. Marples' book that Public School boys must be peculiarly nasty. I do not for a moment believe that they are any worse than boys enjoying a less expensive education—but ought they not to be a great deal better? The class-consciousness inculcated in Public Schools is here exposed: *blag, blug, blog, bonk, chaw, gutter, lout, nip* and *oik* are among the elegant terms applicable to members of the working class generally, while a maidservant is known, according to the school, as a *betty*, a *dubbin*, a *dumb*, a *dummet*, a *hag*, a *jade*, a *ma-hag*, or a *scratch*.

Mr. Marples rarely allows his own convictions to emerge, but he seems to regard the Public Schools with uncritical affection. Thus in his note on fagging he states that this institution "continues in spite of increasing criticism from those who feel that there is something undignified in working for others." Such an ostentation of prejudice is rather embarrassing, for who has ever for this reason objected to fagging? Reasonable fagging can do no harm, I think, to the fags, or even to the fagmasters. But a custom still surviving in some backward Public Schools is the call of "Fag" to which all fags have to run in a stampede, the last to arrive being landed with the job. This interferes with work as well as leisure, and its only purpose is to add to the fagmaster's sense of power. I wish I could ask housemasters why they permit it. They can hardly be so irrational that they think the custom intrinsically good. Are they then so conservative that any custom ought to be preserved merely because it is old? Or are they merely so nervous that they cannot face the sentimental disapproval of Old Boys? I labour this point, because it seems to me to exemplify one of the worst vices of the Public School system—a shrinking from all changes, however sensible and necessary. I have no means of testing the accuracy of Mr. Marples' book, which includes many words not in Mr. Eric Partridge's great *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* (Routledge, 42s.). But there is one important, intentional and perhaps advisable omission. Sex plays a large part at Public Schools in conversation as well as in conduct, but in this glossary it never raises its ugly head. There is one exception, the amusingly concise entry—"*tart*: see WOMAN."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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NEW NOVELS

The Lepers. By HENRI DE MONTHERLANT. Translated by John Rodker. *Routledge.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Man Who Dared. By NIKOLAI GUBSKY. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal. By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS. *Allen and Unwin : Peter Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sam. By JOHN SELBY. *Nicholson and Watson.* 9*s.*

Morning's At Seven. By D. SCOTT DANIELL. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Lepers is the continuation and conclusion of *Pity for Women*, probably the most brilliant misogynistic novel of the present century. In the present book, Costals (M. de Montherlant has had to change his hero's name in order to avoid a libel suit) is threatened by his enemy with her most terrible weapon, marriage ; and escapes only after inflicting much misery on the woman (Solange) and distress upon himself. Superficially, a farce. The shifts and strategems of an eligible prospect fleeing from a determined woman are, like cuckoldry, a recurrent comic theme in all literatures, and M. de Montherlant has been unable or unwilling to resist the ludicrous possibilities of his story. Costals and his legal crony composing a letter that Solange can be made to write as evidence for a future divorce ; Costals trapped by the girl's mother in her bric-a-brac drawing-room, are scenes in the best tradition of the genre, and might equally have found a place in Molière or at the Aldwych. But for all his high spirits and predilection for the punning epigram, M. de Montherlant is a very serious writer whose novels are a subtle and penetrating analysis of the relations between men and women. Costals-Montherlant's contentions are three : that marriage ruins the artist ; that women are by nature base, being orientated on man as man is on the universe ; and that men's pity for women, the demon of good, is in the end the greatest harm and cruelty to both parties. The first point is argued on obvious lines. A wife restricts personal freedom, interferes with lust, is an economic liability, and may become a parasitic vulture feeding on the writer's creative impulses (Tolstoy's marriage is an obvious instance). The second contention gives malice a chance to spread its wings, and M. de Montherlant's picture of poor, loving, servile, stupid Solange, as humble and persistent as a pet dog demanding caresses, is as pointed and amusing a satire as I have ever read. If one believes Costals, women in pursuit of men have a self-abnegating determination as powerful and self-righteous as that of a tyrant pursuing an empire, and can be defeated only by their own stupidity. The third point is more arguable, for the pity that Costals shows Solange is really pity for himself ; and his case is not one of virtue injuring self-interest, but of sensibility overcoming sense. To complain in such a case that one's goodness has betrayed one is a little short-sighted. No doubt a want of the finer feelings would conduce to contentment, but then so would a crude palate, a contempt for cleanliness, or the lack of any other refinement. There is in fact a reverse to Costal's argument, for a callous mind, although not easily disturbed, is as incapable of the rarer pleasures as is a calloused skin of enjoying the finest textures. But here, as throughout the whole book, it is not always easy to determine whether the opinions of Costals are the considered judgments of his creator, or merely casual ideas. If one inclines to discuss M. de Montherlant as a philosopher, it in no way implies any deficiency as a novelist. *The Lepers* is not only a witty and original treatise on women in love, but also an exceedingly effective story. Although Solange is, perhaps, caricatured rather than characterised, that is because she symbolises a great part of her sex ; while the portrait of Costals—sly, subtle, timorous, spiteful, lecherous, brilliant—is one of the few I remember in fiction that convincingly present an indubitable literary genius. Happy the reviewer who has been parsimonious of praise, for perhaps when he describes a book as distinguished, distinctive, and quite outstanding, those overworked adjectives will be taken at their real values. M. de Montherlant is certainly one of the best living novelists, and may, when his work is seen as a whole, be rated higher even than that. At present it is enough to say that *Pity for Women* and *The Lepers* make a striking and felicitous work what will profoundly fascinate anyone who delights in wit, psychological analysis, and the noble or ludicrous spectacle of the intellectual caught, Laocoön-like, in the coils of his own emotions.

The remaining four novels have it in common that all bump us heavily down to earth—or clay—again, and that three of them are about geniuses. Mr. Gubsky's hero *must* have been a genius. Dark, inscrutable, diabolically handsome, possessing strange insights, with eyes whose glance made young women fall down, and an enviable power, unshared by most musicians, of going to casinos, hearing symphonies in his head, betting at the end of each movement, and winning thousands of pounds. He is also a mass-seducer, but ends by making a few more thousands for another man's wife and the supreme sacrifice for himself. Mr. Gubsky is a good, vigorous story-teller with a flair for the knowing naivity that seems the peculiar gift of Slav writers, and his novel is always amusing and occasionally original. But, after Costals, his hero is intolerably spurious ; and although endowed with all the attributes that are popularly supposed to belong to artistic talent, he resembles nothing so much as the wishful self-portrait of a Bohemian bore. After its author's previous books, *The Man Who Dared* is a sad disappointment. Mr. Gubsky must have nodded.

Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal has a curious history. In 1929 Mr. Douglas published a religious novel called *Magnificent Obsession*, in which a young rotter unwittingly caused the death of a good old doctor, and, as penance, translated the secret code journal in which the doctor had revealed how to become a worldly success by doing good to others. The young man tried it, and succeeded triumphantly. When it appeared the book was classed as " Religious," and sold about four thousand in the first six months. Then the booksellers noticed it, put it among the novels, and in two years it became a world best-seller, read, apparently, by at least two million people. This was clearly too good a thing to abandon ; and in the present volume we are given the whole of the Secret Journal from which *Magnificent Obsession* quoted extracts. The two novels are interesting as being among the first literary expressions of the philosophy behind Aimée Macpherson and the Oxford Groups. Dr. Hudson, it appears, was a complete failure until a friend told him that happiness and unlimited wordly success could be secured by holy meditation and discreet charities. The friend himself had formerly scraped along as a stone-mason, until one day a strange inner illumination told him to be a sculptor.

> I began work at once in a flutter of excitement. The clay seemed alive in my hands ! The first day was a revelation. It was as if I had never really lived before ! . . . (I had made) . . . the figure of a child, a chubby little fellow about four years old. The boy was posed on one knee. He had just raised up from his play with a little dog that stood, tensely alert, in front of him with a ball in his mouth.

Put into white marble, the statue had sold at once, and the sculptor had soon become a distinguished citizen. Dr. Hudson tried similar methods ; and throughout the book we see him growing gooder and gooder, and richer and richer, and happier and happier and happier. On every page it is emphasised that bread cast on the waters comes back with a dividend, and that virtue is emphatically not its own only reward. Although quite readable in a chummy, back-slapping sort of way, these dramatisations of " pie-on-earth-as-well " morality have certainly not succeeded on their literary or journalistic merits. Their popularity is plainly due to the doctrine they preach, and for that reason Mr. Douglas is, like Dale Carnegie, a major mass-psychological portent.

Sam portrays a different genus of genius. A roaring, drunken, arrogant little horror of a man, he begins by winning at poker, and ends by owning railroads, newspapers, utilities and costly *objets d'art*. In spite of everything, however, he is unhappy; and although mean and grasping to a high degree, he surprises one and all (including, alas, the reader) by settling his blessing and millions and millions of dollars upon his unfaithful wife and her musician lover. Sam is delineated well enough to make us thoroughly dislike him, but not with sufficient skill to make his abilities or achievements credible.

Morning's at Seven is a welcome anticlimax after all the fireworks, being a careful, sympathetic documentary of a pathologically ordinary middle-class family. Daddy goes for a walk with the dog, plays cricket with the children, takes Grannie for a drive, loses a little money on the stock market through following the advice of a friend who has a *mistress*, and ends happily, toasting the New Year. Mummy argues with the butcher, puts the children to bed, plays bridge with the neighbours, suspects, just for an instant, that Daddy has been flirting with the *mistress*, and ends happily, toasting, etc. The children go for walks with Mummy and the dog, play cricket with Daddy, sail in a boat, ride in a car, are curious about the *mistress*, and end happily, etc., etc. Grannie plays spillikins with the children, goes for a drive with Mummy and Daddy, doesn't like the look of the *mistress*, and ends, etc., etc., etc. The *mistress* doesn't do anything much, but, etc., etc., etc., etc. The book is very true to life, or what passes for it, and is written with a pleasant competence that, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

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Good criticism is always a labour of love. A sense of duty may demand that the whole truth be expressed, but the critic is at his most readable when he is defining what pleases or displeases him personally. Whether his readers agree with him or not is beside the point; their response does not impair his quality. We do not all agree that Dr. Johnson understood Shakespeare; nobody agrees that he appreciated "Lycidas" truly; he had his blind spots, but he is none the less a great critic. Mr. Kitto gives warning of his blind spot in his introduction; or rather he deliberately turns a blind eye to all but one aspect of his subject. He ignores its archaeology, its religious background and its moral significance, and considers only its literary art.

This delimitation of his scope is in many ways an advantage. It enables him to write a book of readable size and moderate price in which what in a compendium must often be compressed into a few pages or attacked piecemeal has room to be anatomised and appreciated. He can treat his subject in a refreshingly modern way, so that the reader with literary appetite but no deep curiosity about antiquity can savour the jam without tasting the powder. Most of what he omits is what the specialist does not need and the general reader does not want, or, if he does, he can find it elsewhere. It would have been no advantage had Mr. Kitto filled his pages with what can be found on others, because, as it is, the fare he offers leaves the reader full of appetite for more.

But his exclusively literary approach has some disadvantages also, of which the specialist will be conscious and the general reader should be warned. To start from the basis "that the Greek dramatist was first and last an artist and must be criticised as such" is to take up a position more congenial to the present age than it would have been to two at least of the artists concerned. Sophocles, who *was* first and last an artist, would have been content, but I cannot be rid of a feeling that less than justice is thereby done to Aeschylus and perhaps rather more than justice to Euripides.

Mr. Kitto himself says that Aeschylus is a difficult dramatist to criticise. Part of this difficulty seems to me to arise from his premises and part from a tendency to scrutinise the plays singly without relation to their trilogic structure. It is only in the *Oresteia* that the whole trilogy can be seen, but elsewhere, save for the *Persae*, it can and should be imagined. Mr. Kitto treats the *Supplices* as if it were a single play, and magnifies the part of the king of Argos into that of the hero of a complete tragedy. He does the same, less excusably, with the *Oresteia*, magnifying Agamemnon and the play which bears his name, to the detriment of the rest of the trilogy and of the work as a whole. He writes as though its whole meaning were to demonstrate the punishment of the sin of pride. On this basis there is no room for the *Choephoroe* and the *Eumenides*. Nor is it a true interpretation of even the *Agamemnon* alone. Agamemnon's pride ranks with his other sins in Clytemnestra's self-justification; the play would move on lines only very little different if he wore his victorious insignia with humility; he would not tread the purple carpet, but otherwise little would be changed. In Aeschylus the crucial feature of the story is that *both* parties in the conflict are wrong. The *Agamemnon* balances the sins of one against the sins of the other, tightening the suspense till Agamemnon's death-cry rings out; it is not till the middle of the *Eumenides* that we are allowed to know which side Aeschylus judges the more guilty.

The truth is that the moral problem cannot be detached from the literary form in which it is stated and solved. Nor can the literary art be justly assessed without recognition of the delicacy with which it is being used, both in its dramatic and in its simply verbal aspect, to an end outside itself—to evoke consciousness of the factors which are present in the problem. The language no less than the events contributes to the moral balancing of the *Agamemnon*. It is true that the *Eumenides* is less exciting to the modern reader than the *Agamemnon*; but it is not certain that an Athenian would have found it so, and on the stage it is stupendous. The *Choephoroe* is a literary as well as a spectacular masterpiece, if only for the moment when Clytemnestra confronts her avenging son, or, in a subtler and more purely literary manner, by the recognition of the imaginative kinship between Orestes and his mother, which brings the Furies to life for him before they appear in person. It is because the moral issue and the literary expression of it are inseparably fused that the *Oresteia* is among the most satisfying of all works of art. Of this fusion Mr. Kitto gives no adequate suggestion.

Euripides is no newcomer to debatable ground. In judging him Mr. Kitto seems to me to start with the hypothesis that he is so great a tragic artist that whenever what seems to be a lapse in artistry appears it must be because we do not understand him aright; if we look further or more perceptively we shall find that no lapse was there. This assumption, which is one of the few points where Mr. Kitto seems at one with Verrall, leads him sometimes to very convincing results, notably in the chapter on Euripides' tragi-comedies; but elsewhere it produces some strange *tours de force*, which even at times seem to undermine the main position. Thus in some of the plays (e.g., the *Hecuba*) he excuses the irrelevance of the choruses to the dramatic action on the ground that the Chorus is all the while pursuing its own personal tragedy independently of the action on the stage. This is an interesting and in some cases a convincing proposition: but the state of affairs it defines is surely not the ideal of dramatic art. That Mr. Kitto is more conscious of this than he admits is suggested by his chapter-headings—IV. The Dramatic Art of Aeschylus; VII. The Dramatic Art of Sophocles; IX. The Technique of the Euripidean Tragedy. You can admire Euripides as a poet, a teacher, a moralist, a psychologist, a wit, a master of pathos and melodrama: but as a dramatic artist you can only deplore him for his refusal (not inability, as witness the *Bacchae*) to care for its essentials killed the art of Greek Tragedy.

From the time when Mr. Kitto's book appeared I used it, with warm gratitude, as a support in a course of general lectures on Greek Tragedy, and I found consistently that his chapters, and

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especially his discussions of the individual plays, opened new possibilities, both in approach and in interpretation. I cannot say how much his insight, his sanity and the delightful felicity of his phrasing have enriched my own view of Greek Tragedy. It is no disparagement of his stimulating quality to say that the digestion of these new ideas led me to conclusions often quite different from Mr. Kitto's. I go with him happily along the general lines and part from him, reluctantly but with conviction, on about half the details. If every student of his subject had the same disconcerting experience this would still seem the most important work on Greek Tragedy which has appeared in this generation.

J. R. BACON

EVASIVE ACTION

The Autobiography of Havelock Ellis. *Heinemann.* 15s.

The words which doom this monumental biography for the general reader appear as early as page xiii of the preface, a round statement of principle which makes a threatening opening to a 526-page Life: "I have no wish to write anything but a spiritual biography, and outer events only interest me here in so far as they affected my inner life." The limitation is as arbitrary and as disastrous as the converse which produces the *Fifty Years of Sport and The Board of Trade* type of memoir, but where that can give one an enormous amount of social history by accident the other convention cannot do much more than show one the huge tears and sighs of a man of sensibility. Rousseau, suffering exquisitely at the centre of the Romantic hive, in the *Confessions* constructed a central observatory in his egocentric model universe out of which one can see what he saw and react with him. However unsympathetic, one can appreciate Rousseau's values by inspecting the model; Ellis in denying the opportunity makes the values inaccessible and creates an impression of maudlin moppings and mooings. Complete frankness might have retrieved the situation for the psychologist, but the book is a collection of crossword clues—and in any case the writer has not made up his mind as to the desirability of making the puzzle one which will work out. The following anecdote is introduced with the observation that it "had its significance as an index to my inner life," much as the conjurer murmurs "positively no deception."

> One of my fellow passengers—another teacher if I remember rightly—improved the occasion by flirting with a girl he had become acquainted with on the boat and sat with his arm round her for several hours; towards night, having evidently thus acquired all the satisfaction he desired, he generously introduced her, unasked, to me, also merely an acquaintance by virtue of our sea passage together, and left us alone. We walked once or twice up and down the deck, and she remarked to me by way of opening the conversation: "Ain't the moon lovely?" Such a feeling of loathing rose up within me that in a few moments, after briefly responding, I said it was time to go below, and wished her good night. That was the nearest approach to intimacy with a strange woman during the whole of my four years of adolescence in Australia, where, however, as I had opportunity to observe, the relations of the sexes were often facile.

The first sentence carries a good deal: "flirting" and "all the satisfaction" suggest that it would all have been quite innocent, and "unasked, to me, also merely . . ." protests firmly against a possible accusation of initiative or choice in this contact with a vulgar young person. The next two sentences are the danger area and in them each word is chosen for its flatness—only "loathing" is strong, and it rises like bile, but "briefly responding" is hurried in to blanket the emotion and to stamp it down. The incident is a commonplace experience of adolescence and its individual significance lies in the nature of the reaction, but the reader isn't allowed even to conjecture in peace; "nearest approach . . ." would suggest that sexuality and not vulgarity was the frightening thing, but onwards from "where, as I had opportunity . . ." the statement is clearly "I was an objective observer of sex, dear me, I wasn't afraid of that." This circular paper chase is the narrative pattern adhered to throughout the book, and the pattern of the parts is that of the whole. Ellis feels that his life was on the surface a failure, his pioneer work in the literary field is forgotten, his life work was labelled by the state to be "a lewd, bawdy, and obscene libel," his private life was dominated by marriage with an unbalanced woman who drifted slowly and agonisingly into madness; he is at pains to prove that the apparent failure was a triumph of a mystical and spiritual order. "Yet the roses of immortal beauty have blossomed wherever I trod. I have tasted the joys of heaven on every side." To prove it he has written out an equation which bears a superficial resemblance to Rousseau's; his tear greater than the flooded Yangtse, his joy lighting the world. But the limitation to the inner life suggests that he lived in the real universe, as indeed every line he had published bears witness, and that the egotist's scale model here on exhibition is a fake. Why the fraudulent structure should be reared is no mystery, the book gabbles with his sense of guilt about his wife's madness, it is a defence made before the mysterious court described by Kafka in *The Trial*. The twistings and weavings of the self-accused have a macabre interest, but the reader is warned that the author is conducting a defence and that a great deal of the evidence offered—dead, cold love-letters, page after page—is very dull indeed.

The fascinating part of the book describes the accidents which led the man who did so much to direct the thought of his time to think of his public life as one of dismal failure. His first literary effort of importance was his suggestion to Vizitelly of The Mermaid Series, the general Editorship of which he undertook. It was a work of distinguished scholarship, and it made the unexpurgated texts cheaply available for the first time. The volume of Marlowe he edited himself, and printed as an appendix the informer's report with a note about Marlowe's atheism and inversion which has not yet been improved on. It raised a terrific storm of protest, Swinburne in particular objecting vehemently, and the appendix was removed by Vizitelly and the note suppressed. Later Vizitelly himself went under the yoke for the crime of publishing Zola, and Fisher Unwin, who took over the series, took the opportunity to remove Havelock Ellis's name both from the volume and from the series altogether. Few who have enjoyed the richness and pleasure obtainable from the Mermaids can have realised that they owed anything to Ellis, certainly public recognition of the debt has been sparse enough to be negligible. And just as his contribution to Elizabethan scholarship was buried by the Vizitelly prosecution, so his scientific work was accidentally trodden on. When the first volume of the *Psychology of Sex* appeared it was designed to be circulated in scientific libraries and among doctors; it was advertised only in those quarters. By chance a copy was sent to a society connected with anarchists and a detective employed by the Special Branch to watch its dangerous activity succeeded in purchasing it. The prosecution

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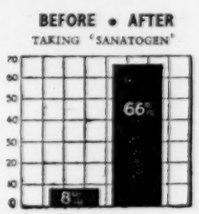

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which followed had the simple political object of getting at the society, the dirty book provided a heaven sent chance. When the trial came on, a welching solicitor hamstrung the defence, and in any case no medical man could be found to say that the book was of scientific value; unopposed Sir Charles Hall was able to tell the jury that the book's claims were "a pretence and sham . . . entered into for the purpose of selling this filthy publication . . ." He spoke with such force that Massingham, then editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, lost his nerve and published, instead of a promised editorial in support of the worth of the book, a denunciation of a "highly morbid production, worthless as science even if the science it professes to advance were worth studying." Massingham merely went with the tide, a few stupid officials were able to pillory the work and no one from the scientific world rose to the defence. And later the scientific world respected the official label; when he was nearly seventy the Royal College of Physicians did him the honour of making him a fellow, but neither the Royal Society nor the Universities were able to bring themselves to pay their respects to a man who wrote bawdy books. He was a slighted and ill-used man, to whom fortune denied personal happiness, and the book shows the refuge he made for himself in an unkind world. But by building the refuge so strong, and by so strenuously evading description of the attacks which drove him into it, he appears a weak and whining man, an impression utterly at variance with the truth. ANTHONY WEST

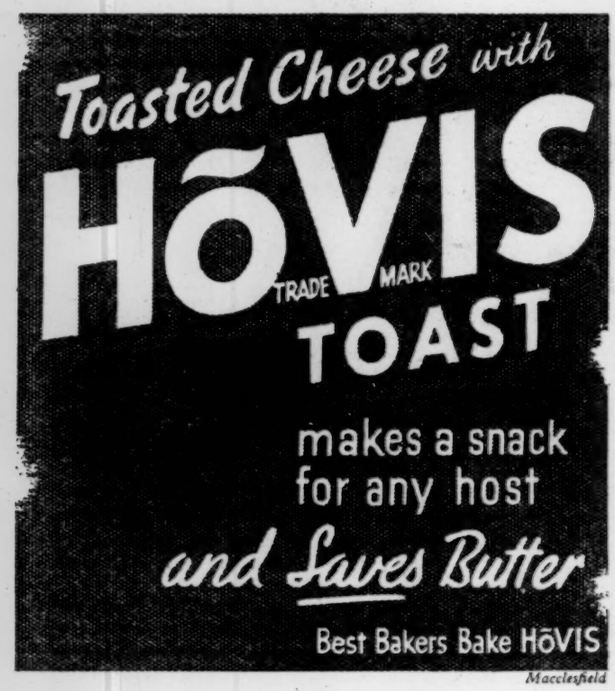
THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE

The Economic Basis of a Durable Peace. By J. E. MEADE. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

Mr. Meade, as the very capable author of the World Economic Survey published annually by the League of Nations, is well-placed for considering the essentials of a durable international settlement in its purely economic aspects. Recognising that no one can yet predict the conditions under which peace will be made, or the non-economic forces which will influence the terms of economic settlement, he refrains from putting forward anything in the nature of a plan and contents himself with a study of principles, related closely to the actual experiences of the years since the Treaty of Versailles. Even so, he cannot avoid making certain assumptions, the principal being that it will be necessary to provide in the settlement for the close economic collaboration of States whose internal economic systems range from something near *laissez faire* capitalism to planned economies either on the Soviet or on the Fascist model. He sees no reason why States differing thus widely in their economic structures should not agree on principles of common economic action, involving some restriction on their individual freedom to pursue their own advantage to the loss of their neighbours. The form and practicability of this restriction depend of course largely on political factors, which Mr. Meade leaves undiscussed; but, if we assume his postulate of a world divided into capitalist and Socialist States of varying degrees of "plannedness" in their economies, we shall find his guidance useful in laying down the necessary conditions of their living together with the minimum of friction arising out of economic forces.

Mr. Meade begins by discussing and dismissing the proposal to establish a completely unified international currency, on the ground that this would involve too complete a surrender by the individual States of the power to plan and organise their own national economic systems. He prefers, as more practicable, an international money of account to which the various national currencies would have not a permanently fixed but a flexible relationship, so as to allow States to meet economic difficulties by altering the external value of their currencies rather than by adapting their price and income structures to a fixed international rule. Similarly, in dealing with foreign trade he rejects the notion of an immediate abandonment of all tariffs and other barriers in the way of free exchange, and advocates the immediate removal only of the more drastically nationalistic forms of restriction, coupled with agreements for gradual tariff reduction so as to allow time for national economic structures to be adapted to freer conditions of exchange. He recognises the right of participant States to control or wholly to socialise their external trade, provided only that they agree to manage it on a basis which takes adequate account of the comparative costs of imports and of home production, and thus retain the advantages of the international division of labour.

There follow chapters on foreign investment of capital, on population and migration, and on the problems of raw material supply and colonial economic policy. These are sensible, but brief: indeed, the chief fault of Mr. Meade's stimulating little book is that he has crowded his material into too small a space—sometimes at the expense of clarity in exposition. He is also perhaps too much disposed to work on the assumption that the economic systems of the democratic countries will emerge from the war substantially unchanged by the experiences of wartime control; and this causes him to over-emphasise the economic liberalism of the framework into which the various countries will need to fit their systems at the making of the peace. His book is, however, an exceedingly interesting little essay, and salutary in its insistence on certain plain economic truths which the makers of paper-constitutions for the post-war world are very prone to forget. Federal Unionists especially should read with care the elementary lessons in economics which provide the foundation for his conclusions. G. D. H. COLE.



MR. BARKER'S NEW POEMS

Lament and Triumph. By GEORGE BARKER. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

Lament and Triumph is Mr. Barker's third book; and like the others, it is good, bad, and indifferent. I do not know of any other poet writing at the moment who varies so much from page to page, even from line to line in the same poem. What we remember from a previous book is not only the hands descending "frightful like five bananas on the shoulder," "the cataracts that grace the private gardens like water-scarves," but also

> It was on Sunday the 12th April I saw
> The figure of William Blake bright and huge

and

> They execute music
> By the Babylonian stream, I mean Ealing.

At his worst he can be memorably bad. This inequality is at times so startling that it produces almost the effect of *collage*, as though the author had emptied his pockets as well as his imagination on the page. Mr. Barker's readers will not be surprised to find in his new book lines like "I now know that how I grew was due" popping up in the middle of a serious passage, in this case a description of the author's childhood. His intention is to evoke the ghosts of early poverty, to impart to those memories a horror and jauntiness that still clings to them:

> How I swung myself from the tree's bough
> Demonstrating death in my gay play:
> How the germ of the sperm of this ghost like a worm
> I caught from the cold comfort of never enough.

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But the jingle of that third line (one thinks of "the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees") changes his tune disastrously. How far is Mr. Barker aware of that change? We may be able, as the verse shatters like a dropped plate, to guess the effect he is after, but that is all. With most writers a failure of this kind would be a sign that they had got out of their depth; not with Mr. Barker. What he has bungled on one page he may very well go on to achieve successfully on another. Indeed, the poem from which I have been quoting ("Epistle I") is very much Mr. Barker's. It seems pure accident when, instead of bringing it off, he puts his foot in it.

The qualities for which one reads Mr. Barker—his understanding of horror, an imagery that sprouts suddenly like that of the surrealists, the occasional shift of mood from nightmare to elegy—are remarkable. They have their reverse in a sprawling syntax, private associations, wooden allegory; and these are equally conspicuous in almost everything he writes. The longer the poem, the more jumbled become his black and white. On the whole the most successful poems in *Lament and Triumph* are the shorter ones: "The Death of Yeats," several of the "Holy Poems," "Triumphal, Ode" "To David Gascoyne." The third of the "Holy Poems," with its premonitions of death and war, seems to me the best in the book. I quote the third verse:

> Now when I walk in the street
> Truant I am anticipating trumpets:
> When the mad train at night shoots up its scream
> I turn around to see God in his thunder
> Come riding cowboy downward on my shoulder,
> Or watch the flying angel of the steam
> Gold-feathered, fire-bowelled, wink an eye,
> Warning me it is nearly time to say good-bye.

If only Mr. Barker could attain this clarity more often and for a longer stretch! The tortured vision is no reason for torturing style.

G. W. STONIER

RICHELIEU

Richelieu, His Rise to Power. By CARL J. BURCKHARDT. Translated and abridged by Edwin and Willa Muir. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

This is a remarkable book and it is a pity that it should have been thought necessary to translate it in an abridged form. It is a model of what a historical biography should be. It is the rarest thing in the world to find a biography of any one who lived before the eighteenth century which is both psychologically and historically convincing. One of two things almost always seems to happen and the book is wrecked either on the Scylla of facts or the Charybdis of personality. In the one case the biographer is, one feels, a conscientious historian; he tells you exactly what happened, so far as it is ascertainable, and he shows you how the great man acted and made history. But the great man is never a man, a person, as we know men and persons to-day; he is either a "force" or a humour in the Ben Jonson sense. Indeed in reading the history of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries one gets so accustomed to find that the people who inhabited them were mere figures of plaster, stone, or sometimes steel that one is inclined to think that, with the exception of a very few men, like Montaigne and Erasmus, they were all humours, not persons or individuals in the modern sense. The other kind of biographer seems to feel this himself and he creates a character for us, and the facts and history are dramatised to make the character "real." Unfortunately the effect is the opposite; however good the book may be as a work of art, it fails as biography and history, and remains drama or fiction. The Queen Elizabeth of such biographies belongs not to the world in which Shakespeare lived, but to that in which Lady Macbeth lived, and the Louis XIV belongs not to the world in which Molière lived but to that in which Tartuffe lived.

The great merit of Dr. Burckhardt is that in some miraculous way he has overcome the difficulty of understanding these extraordinary people who lived in the seventeenth century, who were so like us and yet so unlike us, and he combines this psychological sensitiveness with a meticulous historical conscience. His knowledge of seventeenth-century history is profound, and he makes one feel that the minutest fact, if it is a fact, is sacred to him. On the other hand he is always the master and never the servant of facts, for he has an admirable judgment of what is relevant and what irrelevant. He tells us exactly what happened and what these people did and, when it is known, what they said—Henry IV and old Sully, Marie de' Medici, Richelieu, Louis XIII, Charles I of England and Buckingham, the Franciscan Father Joseph and the dark Wagnerian figure of Wallenstein. But his book is not a mere record of their sayings and doings; he really makes them alive and understandable, three dimensional persons. And this is true, not only of those who played the leading parts, like Richelieu himself and the Queen Mother, but also of the minor characters, the adventurer Concini or Louis de Nogaret-La-Valette, Duc d'Epernon.

The book ends with "the day of dupes," which began on November 10th, 1630, with the terrific interview between Louis XIII, his mother, and Richelieu, and ended with the flight of Gaston of Orléans, the most contemptible of all the dupes, in March, 1631. The date marks the consolidation of Richelieu's power; before that his position had always been one of precarious struggle and it was only after it that the main work of his statesmanship was accomplished. Dr. Burckhardt regards this volume as personal biography and promises us a second in which Richelieu's "operations on European history" will be dealt with. He is extraordinarily successful in recreating the personality of Richelieu, his immense strength and subtlety combined with the most curious and contradictory weaknesses. It is a character which compels admiration and is yet repulsive, and it becomes so vivid in these pages that one can feel oneself the alternate attraction and repulsion with which Richelieu affected the twisted nature of Louis XIII. But the book is not merely personal biography. Dr. Burckhardt has a profound sense of history, of the great "movements," forces, and ideas which appear to mould the shape of human society, and of the relation of persons to them. His Richelieu is not merely a character which interests us psychologically; his beliefs, ideas, aims, and actions are always related to this current of events, and even in this volume we are enabled to see him as part—a determining part—of history.

LEONARD WOOLF

PREJUDICES ABOUT RACES

The End of the Armistice. By G. K. CHESTERTON. *Sheed and Ward.* 6*s.*

The Illusion of National Character. By HAMILTON FYFE. *Watts.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Through the articles and essays reprinted in this collection of Mr. Chesterton's journalistic writings runs the common thesis that Prussianism is the non-Christian leaven in the bread of European Christendom, with the corollary that, unless something could be done to suppress, convert or mitigate the Prussianism of the Prussian, there would be another European war. The book, then, is in essence a series of warnings, and in the light of what has happened, we may concede the claim to prescience which Mr. Sheed, the editor, makes on G. K. C.'s behalf.

> The Prussian patriot may plaster himself all over with eagles and crosses, but he will be found in practice side by side with the Red Flag. The Prussian and the Russian will agree about everything; especially about Poland

reads like an inspired prophecy; while, when G. K. C. was insisting on "the final fact that there is in Christendom, unconverted and unconquered, a force that is not Christian," the fact had, I imagine, still to be demonstrated by the Nazis' subsequent persecution of the Catholic and Lutheran churches. The words "I imagine" are a necessary reviewer's safeguard, since for some unaccountable reason none of the articles and essays is dated, nor is there anything to show where or how they appeared. It is, therefore, difficult to decide how many marks should rightly be assigned to G. K. C. for foresight, the times at which his prophecies were made being unknown.

But it is not only for foresight that G. K. C. gets marks; there is the inevitable flashing phrase—"It is a fine thing to be swift to forgive our enemies; but it is a finer thing not to be too eager to forgive ourselves"; there are some admirable metaphors—for example, the ordinary patriot is likened to a watchdog, "but if patriots are trained as a pack of hounds, to follow a scent blown upon any breeze, to go through all fences and across all fields, they are trained in a certain spirit which is quite certainly of some peril to their neighbours"—there are the accustomed but endearing prejudices—the English after the Armistice "made every mistake they possibly could; but then, again, you must remember that their policy was managed by practical business men"—and there is the wisdom of a continually recurring insight, as in the pregnant observation that Prussianism being an idea "could [perhaps] only have been conquered by another idea." But if this be true, how reconcile the truth with what is in effect the *leit motiv* of the essays,

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TRINIDAD PINK GRAPEFRUIT. Sweet without sugar. Case 70 to 80 large, 20*s.*, carriage paid. Cash with order. PINKFRUIT, 82 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

that Prussianism being a species of anti-Christ, must be eradicated by force of arms?

In his enthusiastic casting of the Prussians for the role of special and peculiar villain of the contemporary piece, G. K. C. does not succeed in wholly avoiding the suspicion of prejudice. Thus the Prussians, we are told, are guilty of the heresy of pride—"The Prussian is not proud of Prussia; he is simply proud because he is a Prussian"—but are not we too a proud nation, and is not the typical member of our ruling classes proud in precisely the same way, "proud," as G. K. C. puts it, "of himself and his sort" simply because he wears an Old School Tie?

The Prussians, again, are autarchic, a law unto themselves, recognising no law outside themselves. But could not precisely the same charge be brought against the Fascism that overran Abyssinia and Albania? The Prussians worship a German God and will "not be judged even on the Day of Judgment, by any god who was not a German." Is there, then, no substance in our recognition of the "sound British patriotism of the Almighty"? Prussians, finally, are denounced because they oppress those whom they conquer; but in a series of articles devoted to representing Poland as "the sword-blade between the Byzantine tradition of Muscovy and the materialism of Prussia," no mention is made of the Polish "pacification" of the Ukraine.

Why are the misdeeds of Poland and Italy consistently forgotten while those of Prussia are painted in the blackest colours? Is it perhaps that Poland and Italy are Catholic countries, while Prussia is emphatically not a Catholic country? If one shares G. K. C.'s Catholic faith, all this and much more in the same vein is, I suppose, to be taken for granted; but those who do not share it cannot but suspect a very pretty piece of special feeling. Nor do I find it easy to accept G. K. C.'s rather naive belief in the concept of national character.

If he were still with us, I should have found it difficult to resist the temptation of insisting that he read the following:

> The time must come when it will seem absurd that French and Germans, Americans and Japanese, French and English, can ever have been divided by national boundaries—no less absurd than the recollection that the people of Burgundy and Artois, of Mecklenburg and Hanover, of Wessex and Northumberland were once thought to believe themselves natural enemies.

The *Illusion of National Character*, from which the quotation is taken, is a careful examination of the current myth that there exist such beings as the typical German and the typical Englishman, an account of the origin of this myth and of the interests which profit by its maintenance—the politician like the trade union official has a vested interest in maintaining a separate unit of organisation which ministers to his own importance—and a valiant effort to dispel it. Mr. Fyfe does not of course deny that peculiarities of character are exhibited by groups of people, but these are local rather than national—they occur only in places where there has been little movement of population for centuries—and bear little or no relation to national boundaries; so called distinctive national traits always turn out on examination to be common to many nations. Mr. Fyfe's book affronts my national prejudice that the English are peculiar in being devoid of national prejudices; but it is packed with so many illusion-dispelling illustrations that I venture to think that it would have a no less salutary effect upon G. K. C. than upon myself. A very admirable piece of work, valuable in itself but especially valuable at a time when "national character" is being dressed up as a bogy to frighten people into killing those whose "characters" are different from their own.

C. E. M. JOAD

Value and Capital. By J. R. HICKS. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.

Professor Hicks is the best of the younger economic theorists. Everything he writes bears the hallmark of quality, and connoisseurs will pick up his new book on *Value and Capital* expecting the authentic, desiccated thrill which can be got only from the contemplation of abstract reasoning. They will not be disappointed. This is the best treat we have had since Mr. Keynes's *General Theory*.

Professor Hicks's distinctive quality is to be at once acute, systematic and realistic. He invents toy trains which run nicely along the nursery floor and which do illustrate how railways function. The engines "complementarity" and "income effect" are old birthday presents taken out of the playbox. The track has been extended to run from Utility *via* Value and Production to Capital. The last part of the journey is rather uphill work and we now have an extra engine called "Elasticity of Expectations." An amber light, "Imperfect Stability" has been added to the automatic signalling. We shall have lots of jolly games and the rolling stock will be increased on future birthdays.

Economists, having guessed wrong so often, admit nowadays that almost anything is possible, i.e., compatible with commonsense assumptions about human nature. The problem is to discover what is probable. Recent analysis, especially by Mr. Keynes, has shown that a modern economy, which contains capital and money as well as consumption goods, may very well tend to fluctuate rather than to remain at rest, and if it does settle down may well do so at a level of activity far below full employment. It is perhaps the greatest merit of Professor Hicks's book that starting from the simplest case, that of exchange between two goods only, the quantity of each being fixed and unalterable, it introduces the complications one by one and shows at which particular points various disharmonies become possible. Thus production takes time, and plans to produce goods for the future are laid on a basis of expectations which may not be fulfilled. When people expect present trends of prices to accelerate, plans will become very optimistic or pessimistic. Prices, and volume of production, will fluctuate violently. On the other hand, with rigid wages-rates and with the rate of interest unable to fall indefinitely there may be stability with severe unemployment.

The Professor likes Algebra. He has already published a mathematical skeleton on his system in French—very sensibly, for the French, who are bad at Economics, are good at Mathematics. In the book itself, a selection of bones is displayed in an appendix. In the text he condescends to diagrams and English. The diagrams are very good fun. He uses them for their proper purpose of illustrating the simplest cases where there are only two variables. Sketching in perspective you get a third variable on to a flat page—this is done, fortunately, only once.

Week-end Competitions

No. 531

Set by Thomas Smallbones

You are asked to imagine yourself to be the Regius Professor of Ancient English in the University of Pekin in the year A. L. (After Lenin), 1940. You are bringing out a new edition of *The Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. The usual prizes are offered for a set of four daring emendations which you are making in the text with a brief justification of each of them.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 19th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 529

Set by G.O.W.

This week many schoolmasters have been writing reports for parents on their children's aptitudes, progress and behaviour. Tact often suggests that the truth be told ironically or allusively. A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for two school-reports on any of these adults: Solomon, Alcibiades, Commodus, Wycliffe, Marlowe, Pascal, Catherine the Great, Dr. Johnson, J. J. Rousseau, Shelley, Macaulay, Jane Austen, Gladstone, Walter Pater, Mrs. Eddy, Balfour, Proust, D. H. Lawrence, Goebbels, T. S. Eliot, Trotsky, Hore-Belisha, Low and Allan M. Laing. (Competitors may send as many entries as they like.)

Report by G.O.W.

I apologise for the ambiguity, to which several entrants have referred, in the phrasing of this competition. I wanted reports on two of these figures, not two reports on one of them. Also I wanted reports upon their adult performance, not upon their presumed behaviour at school. However, I have judged the entries not by my intention but by their execution. A large number of competitors succeeded in catching the required style. Here is a selection of extracts:

Alcibiades.

His first term as a prefect has shown him to be possessed of an undeniable gift for leadership, and his popularity with the younger boys is unquestioned. With the greater deliberation which age and experience will bring, he should develop into a thoroughly useful and helpful member of the community. (C. F. Rathbone)

Jane Austen.

Miss Temple, however, would draw the attention of Jane's parents to her Undue Fondness for the foolish romances of the day, which she is known to Devour in Solitude, and even to attempt to imitate. Miss Temple therefore recommends that during the holiday interval, Jane's

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND BURMA CIVIL SERVICE (CLASS I)

The recruitment of Europeans in 1940 will be by selection without written examination. Candidates must have qualified for a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. The age limits are 21–24 on the 1st August, 1940. Entry closes on the 15th May, 1940. Applications should, however, be submitted as soon as possible. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles, or from the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

INDIA OFFICE,
April, 1940.

INDIAN POLICE AND BURMA POLICE (CLASS I)

Owing to the war there will be no recruitment to the above Services by Competitive Examination. Recruitment by selection without written examination will, however, be continued in 1940 for the Indian Police. One vacancy in the Burma Police (Class I) will also be filled by selection.

Candidates, who must be over 21 and under 23 years of age on 1st August, 1940, must have qualified by examination for a degree, but those taking a degree examination this year may be admitted provisionally.

Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles, or from the Services Department, India Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

The latest date for the receipt of applications is 15th May, 1940. Applications should, however, be submitted as soon as possible.

INDIA OFFICE,
April, 1940.

THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES (University of London) invites applications from University Graduates for a Lectureship in Sinhalese from October 1st, 1940, on a scale £300–£25–£400 per annum. Applications, which may be accompanied by two testimonials, should state age, qualifications and experience. A form of application may, if desired, be obtained from the Secretary, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, at Christ's College, Cambridge, who should receive all applications not later than July 1st, 1940.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

FACULTIES OF ARTS AND COMMERCE
LECTURESHIP IN SPANISH

The Council of the University invites applications for the Lectureship in Spanish vacant by the death of Mr. R. J. Conroy. Commencing stipend at the rate of £500 per annum. The Lecturer will be Head of the Department of Spanish in the Faculties of Arts and Commerce. Twenty copies of applications, accompanied by 20 copies of not more than three testimonials, together with the names of any referees, should be sent on or before 14th May, 1940, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

The successful candidate will be expected to commence his duties on 1st October, 1940.

The University, Birmingham, 3. C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

WANTED. September or early 1941, to teach Physical and Natural Sciences in new progressive school. Male enthusiast willing accept nominal salary at outset; residential. Box 7189.

LIBRARIAN required for duties in Special Library attached to Research Department of a firm of metal manufacturers. Candidates should apply to Box 7195, giving particulars of qualifications in librarianship, linguistic abilities, scientific qualifications, age and salary required.

SECRETARY shorthand typist, good speeds, for London Office of small National Organisation. State qualifications, experience, age, salary required. BOOK-KEEPER to balance sheet also required by above. Box 7217.

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A YOUNG woman with hons. degree who speaks French, shorthand-types and has newspaper experience, wants work; wide interests, writes well. Box 7215.

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on

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Nearly everyone has at some time had an experience or witnessed a spectacle or an incident which has left a strong and lasting impression on the mind. It may have been unusual, thrilling or humorous, or even definitely queer.

You will probably enjoy putting your experience on paper. Make a short article of it—say, 300-500 words. Aim to interest—not merely to impress. Describe your experience simply but vividly, avoiding long, pretentious words.

Be natural. Imagine that you are writing to a friend and want to give him a graphic picture of what you saw or experienced.

Your entry need not be typewritten.

* * *

Every reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who submits an article on the above subject to the Regent Institute will be presented with a prize copy of "More Profit from Writing," a practical and stimulating book packed with concise hints on how to get into print. The volume contains 88 pages, and is attractively bound in green cloth. It makes a valuable addition to the bookshelf of anyone interested in writing as a profitable hobby.

If you submit an article you will also receive a free expert criticism and a copy of the Institute's prospectus, which describes the great field of opportunity for the new writer, and gives particulars of the courses in article and short-story writing conducted by that well-known correspondence school.

Your article will be returned with the free criticism. You do not commit yourself to any obligation and, of course, you retain the copyright of your article.

Important.—All entries must be headed "Prize Book Offer" and be addressed to The Regent Institute (Dept. 191D), Palace Gate, London, W.8. Be sure to write your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the article.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 509

reading should be confined to the Sermons of Dr. Blair and the Works of the Great Lexicographer, not forgetting his Dictionary. She should, moreover, be restrained from the Art of Composition until she perfects her Orthography. (Towanbucket)

Balfour.

Work good, on the whole, but he lacks initiative and needs to cultivate the team spirit. A fine type, alive to the honour of the school, but apt to neglect his duties as a Prefect. (Susan Marshall)

Catherine the Great.

Catherine is a charming girl and devoted to her books. . . . She has great strength of character and a gift for organisation.

She is sure to succeed for she lets nothing stand in the way of attaining her object.

For instance, we think she has every chance of realising her great ambition to become Captain of the 2nd Hockey XI. (O. Ordish)

History—still needs care. She should try to see history in the light of Movements rather than of Personalities. (Kate Blackie)

Goebbels.

I regret to state that Joseph is apparently incapable of telling the truth. He is quick and intelligent and the manner in which he has surmounted great physical obstacles is no doubt praiseworthy, but all will be of little avail unless he can be brought to see that black is often black but never white. ("Redling")

D. H. Lawrence.

Biology.—Shows great keenness and interest; practical work less successful than theory.

Macaulay.

His judgments, although quickly formed, are often correct. (Albert Fuller)

Walter Pater.

An attractive creature, but wanting in robustness. Takes little part in the life of the School. Even disdains house-matches. His work careful and neat, though style fanciful and sometimes Euphuistic. Might well "lapse into a College don," if lucky, preferably at Oxford. (Sir Robert Witt)

Trotsky.

Spends much of his time trying to convince himself and others that he is a special case. (Kate Blackie, from "an actual report on an English schoolboy")

The reports on Allen M. Laing were a little vindictive. "Redling's" was the best.

0 1 3 5 7 9 0

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

A book for those who enjoyed

CALIBAN'S PROBLEMS

ODD NUMBERS

OR ARITHMETIC REVISITED

By HERBERT McKAY

A book that good-naturedly asks a little mental exercise from its readers is generally more satisfying than one that merely passes the time. Mr McKay has written a surprising, novel, and interesting book about Arithmetic, showing successfully that it is not to be dismissed as a schoolboy's penalty, but that the understanding and manipulation of numbers is exciting and imaginative for its own sake.

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"It would be superfluous of me to commend Allan. The feat of winning every prize for which he competed is commendation enough. I trust he will not become a mere pot-hunter and will always bear in mind that there are other runners in the race."

I also liked S. W. Green's:

"Tries hard and does good work. Frequent successes are well deserved. It is to be hoped that Bliss will return to the school, so that some means of measuring Allan's progress may be available."

Towanbucket was alone in showing deep sympathy with his old rival, and almost deserves a prize for such saint-like behaviour, but we have heard of schoolmasters occasionally being influenced in their reports by considerations other than work or character.

Low.

Full of ideas and expresses them well. Should remember that reverence for tradition plays a large part in the balanced life. (S. W. Green)

"Shemormon" contributed a skilfull Wycliffe.

MAISTER JON. WIKLIFF

FORM SIXT.

Of his Exercitaciouns Grammatical and Sintacticall:

It is to a difpofitioun to value oure vulgar Tongue above thefe onlie inevitabill and clafsical Archetigres and Mirrours of Language, the Latine and the Greecian, that I put downe the litel Declencion in his Poficion this Terminall. Playsd 31st of 31.

Of his Haviour in the Refidentiall House:

Mafter Wyclife hath a moft noteworthie Independence of Mynd the which if it wr not used to the Ouerturning of Magisteriall Auctoritie wd be alltogethir to bee praysed. I have feemd to note in hym a certayne lack of Reverentiall Aw toward the difpenfaciouns of our Mothir Churche, which are receevd by oure gratefull Scholars thre tymes in the daye.

The Hedd Magister remarketh of the Above:

Jon is pafsing through that Age which al Humain Persouns soever ioyn in thynkynge to bee an Awkwarde one. For what sayth Plinius, Naturalis Historiae Lib. xjij, juventus qua nondum conformatum est ingenium. Satiffactorie.

The first prize goes to E. F. Carritt for a series of brilliant short reports. For the second prize I recommend Elisabeth Oakley, and Kate Blackie was, on the whole, the best of the others.

FIRST PRIZE

Solomon.

Shows plenty of good sense. Singing and general conduct less satisfactory. Perhaps not really suited to co-education.

J. Austen.

Neat work. Unexceptionable standard of manners and morals, but not very creative ideals.

Alcibiades.

Deservedly popular with the staff, but I fear not a wholly good influence among his contemporaries.

Proust.

I fear he is not really happy at school, but will live, I trust, to remember it as the happiest time of his life.

Balfour.

Suffers all men gladly but is learning to conceal it.

D. H. Lawrence.

Capable of profiting greatly by the discipline of a public school.

Dr. Johnson.

Really intelligent and devout. His only faults are greed, idleness and a tendency to bully.

T. S. Eliot.

Has an excellent memory, of which he makes full use. Has already learned *Facit indignatio versus* and is now learning *Poeta non fit.*

W. Pater.

Appreciative but Platonic.

Gladstone.

Is Nature's own senior prefect.

Goebbels.

I should, of course, be sorry to lose him, but either a more bracing or relaxing climate might suit him better. E. F. CARRITT

SECOND PRIZE

I sometimes think little Goebbels is not *quite* truthful—although, of course, I am sure this is only due to the child's vivid imagination. However, he has a great deal of influence on some of the more backward members of my class.

Marcel is a little introspective but he is a nice boy and is friends with some of the best people in the school.

Name: *D. H. Lawrence.*

Botany.—Shows an intelligent interest in the structure of flowers and in pollination.

English Essay.—Possesses a vivid style but inclined to repeat himself. Sometimes a little "unconventional" in subject matter.

Natural History.—Shows a real sympathy with nature and natural processes.

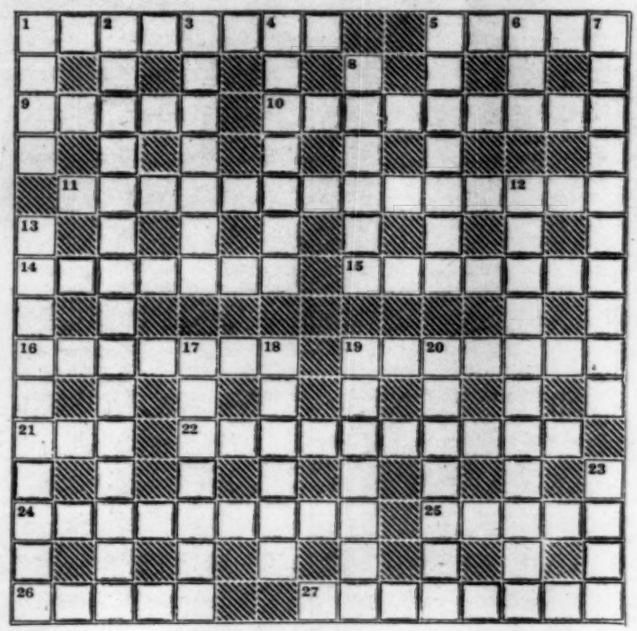
Scripture.—Has genuine religious and mystical convictions.

General Behaviour.—Could be more co-operative.

Remarks.—Lawrence has been rather homesick this term and I feel he misses his mother. ELISABETH OAKLEY

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 527

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Miss Dorothy Laws, 73 Wimbledon Road, Sherwood, Nottingham

ACROSS

1. Lepidopterous equivalent of the hover fly? (8)
5. A professional would make him stop the meeting. (5)
9. Weights for dogs. (5)
10. Man who holds the load. (9)
11, 21 & 22. Prelude, yet sequel, to The Farmer's Wife. (14)
14. With no urbanity of course. (7)
15. A bit of poetry in the Old Testament. (7)
16. Dough-nuts as it were. (7)
19. He enjoys going into diggings. (7)
21 & 22. See 11. (3) (10)
24. Where one might do a bit of digging. (9)
25. He can never hold an at home of course. (5)
26. Is a reverse a setback? (5)
27. They are always gifted. (8)

DOWN

1. A hearty concomitant. (4)
2. One might call this prophecy under pressure. (15)
3. Result of fumbling with the hands. (7)
4. His drawers go right up to his head. (7)
5. Dire use to make of "leaves." (7)
6. General practioner in the nude. (3)
7. Education that often has a secondary object. (10)
8. Colour of the rind of an Indian mango. (6)
12. It's trebled with nouns. (11)
13. They are theatrically installed. (10)
17 (rev.) Portable bookcase. (7)
18. How Tom spied you. (7)
19 (rev.) Holds by the teeth. (7)
20. Out of the slayers comes forth dark. (7)
23. Gets the sheep. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	S	C	U	T	T	L	E	S	■	N	E	C	K	■
■	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	■
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U	■	O	■	S	■	T	■	E	■	S	■	N	■	X
T	O	U	P	E	T	S	■	■	M	E	G	I	L	P
T	■	R	■	R	■	I	■	■	■	R	■	B	■	E
O	N	B	O	A	R	D	■	O	F	F	H	A	N	D
N	■	L	■	■	■	E	■	U	■	■	■	L	■	I
O	R	I	G	E	N	■	■	T	O	P	S	I	D	E
N	■	N	■	N	■	■	■	O	■	U	■	S	■	N
T	O	D	D	L	E	R	■	F	O	R	T	L	E	T
O	■	N	■	I	■	I	■	A	■	P	■	A	■	L
P	L	E	A	S	A	N	T	J	O	U	R	N	E	Y
■	■	S	■	T	■	G	■	O	■	R	■	D	■	■
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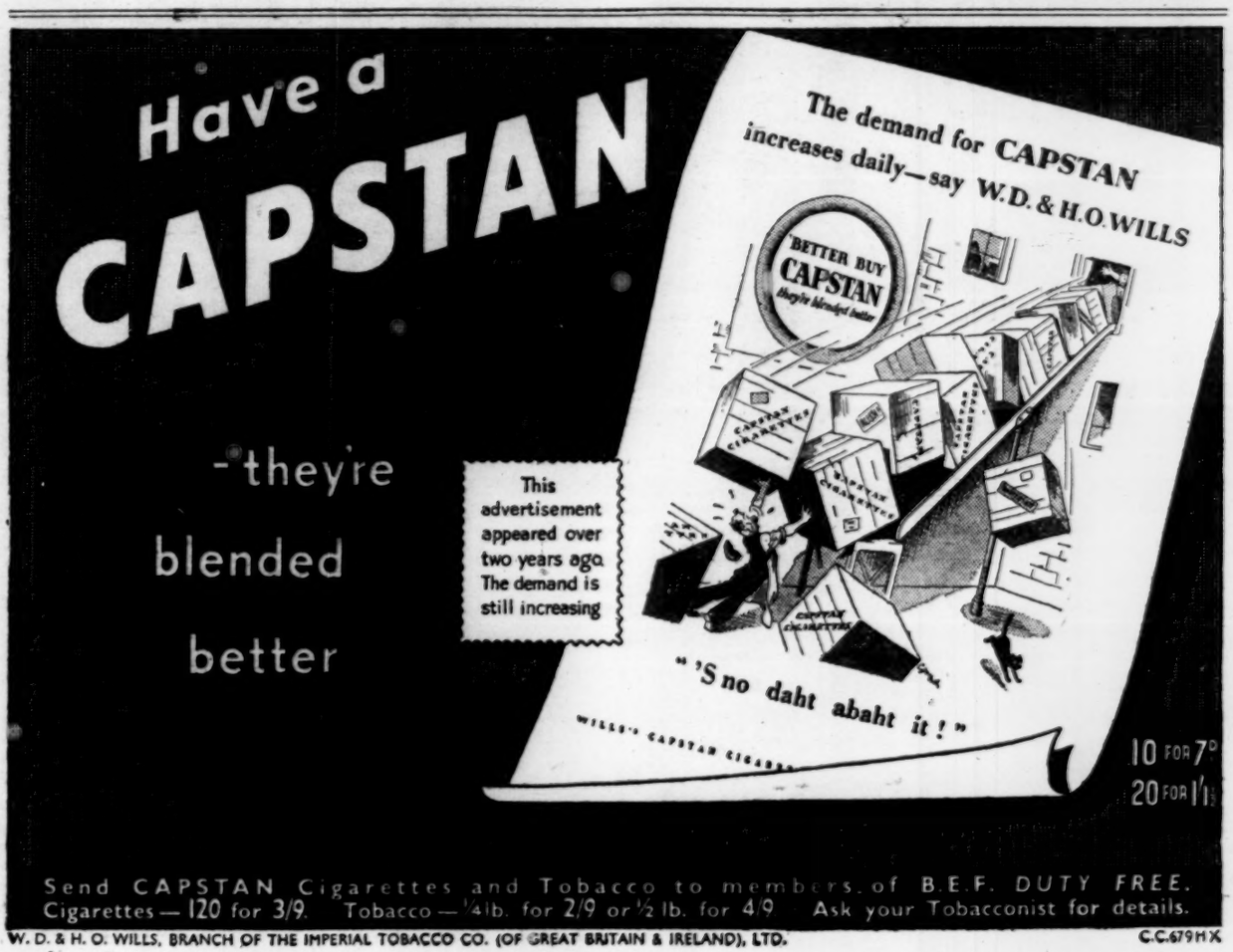
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